

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

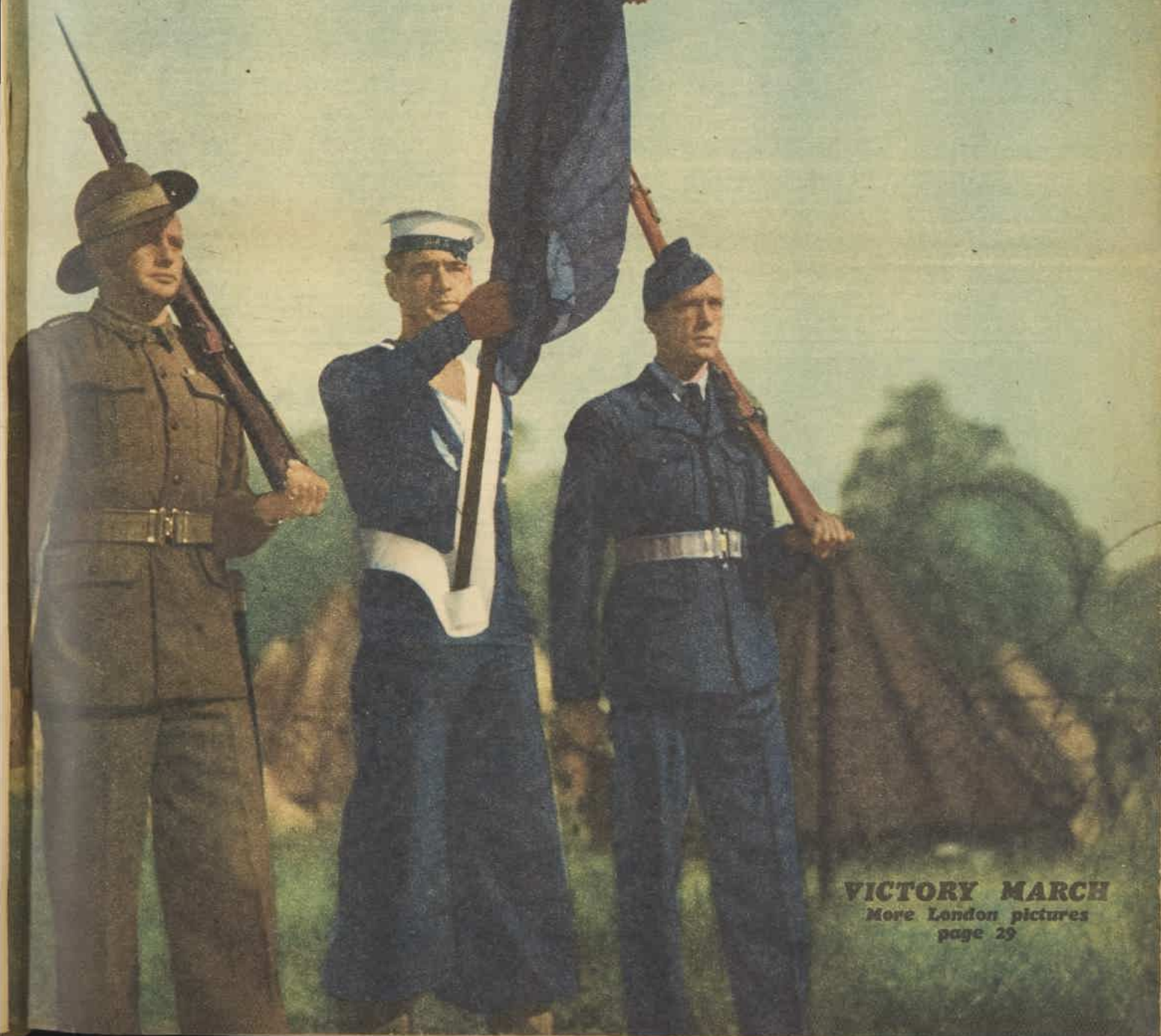
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VICTORY MARCH

More London pictures
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Abe Lincoln SHOPPED THERE

By JOHN DURANT
and LLOYD MANN

AMERICA'S oldest clothing store, Brooks Brothers, on Madison Avenue and 44th Street, New York, run by the same family for 128 years, sets the styles in male attire, from morning coats for the Morgans to Katharine Hepburn's slacks.

They have introduced such fashions as the polo shirt, the foulard tie, the four-button suit, the Brooks sweater, and the polo coat.

The famous No. 1 Sack Coat with natural shoulders and straight hang stamped a man as "correct" for nearly two generations.

The new model, with a suggestion of a waist and slight shoulder padding, has caused older customers and salesmen to throw up their hands. But it sells.

Back in the '20's, to look "Brooksy" was accepted American slang.

In the spring of 1924, Brooks Brothers received a letter from an old customer. He said that in 1896 he had bought an overcoat from one of their salesmen, a Mr. Webb.

The coat had been very satisfactory, and he would like it duplicated. Of course, he added, Mr. Webb was not still with them, but perhaps they could find the measurements in their records.

The firm immediately wrote back that not only was Mr. Webb still with the firm, but he remembered the original sale very well and would be glad to serve the gentleman again.

That sort of incident has happened often at Brooks'. It's an every-

day example of the continuity which has made the store a national legend.

The store was founded on April 7, 1818. That day, 128 years ago, when Henry Sands Brooks first opened his new shop at Catherine and Cherry Streets in downtown New York, was three days after Congress first standardized the American flag at thirteen stripes.

The Brooks salesman is a gentleman and a scholar. He is carefully hand-picked and trained, a fact which accounts for the lifetime he gives to his work.

Customers are drawn from every stratum of American life, and include Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, Jack Dempsey, Billie Burke, and Charles Evans Hughes.

Almost all the Presidents have been customers. Lincoln was wearing a Brooks coat when he was shot. The top movie actors are almost

universally patrons of the store. Yet the firm would commit hara-kiri before it would offer any garment in the so-called "Hollywood" style—wild sports attire, multi-pleated jackets, and so on.

Fred Astaire buys fifty foulard ties at a crack, and set the fashion of using them as belts. Maurice Chevalier bought only hats.

Rudolph Valentino constantly purchased articles at Brooks', although he was never allowed to open an account. An executive explained that this was not because he was an actor, but because he "didn't appear to have a permanent address."

A record for continuous patronage by any individual is held, probably for all time, by the late John R. Voorhis, New York politician. When he died, at the age of 102, he had been a steady customer for ninety-one years.

His mother bought him his first long pants at Brooks' when he was eleven. He had never bought a suit elsewhere.

Unintentionally, the firm has had considerable influence on women's fashions. The Brooks sweater was the first item to catch the feminine eye.

Originally offered only in white and natural wool, the ladies forced them, when such things could be obtained, to keep twenty-seven different colors in stock, with skirt lengths in contrasting shades.

Katharine Hepburn buys seersucker slacks there, and Marlene Dietrich silk dressing-gowns. But Brooks' played its oddest role in female fashions some twenty years ago.

A New York playboy was entertaining an entire chorus on his yacht. As a present to the girls, he gave each of them a man's bathing suit from Brooks'.

They were enchanted—so enchanted, in fact, that they continued to wear them and started the first craze for women's trunk-style bathing suits.

Women are still large buyers of men's bathing suits and often cause considerable embarrassment when they insist on trying them on in the store. They also frequently purchase men's made-to-order silk underwear and, recently, men's shirts.

To-day, Brooks workmen are again dusting off the civilian tweeds. After all, this has been their fifth war. No reconversion problem here. They fondly recall that day in 1918, a few weeks after the Armistice, when the following telegram arrived from Plattsburg:

Please arrange to open store tomorrow at eight-thirty when we arrive Grand Central.



YOUTHFUL customer selects a dressing-gown under the guidance of salesman Harry Wayman, who has been with the firm for 29 years.

BROOKS STYLES are ultra-conservative, but Hollywood stars like Roland Young are regular customers.

It was signed by a group of young officers, all solid Brooks customers. Naturally, at 8.30 a.m., the doors were open and the crowd of newly discharged soldiers rushed in. Within two hours, the entire contingent, which had arrived with squared military shoulders, stepped into the civilian world with the sloping silhouette of the No. 1 Sack Coat.

Strange things sometimes happen in a store like Brooks'; things that can't be explained.

Why did a seemingly angry man bustle in from the street one day and buy the entire stock of Size 10½ socks, paying \$165 cash for them?

Then there is the gentleman who appears every so often in the hat department.

He wants to see the tweed hats. If he finds a style he likes, he buys all there are of that model, regardless of size.

Another customer bought 16 identical seersucker suits. A Brooks salesman doesn't seek the source of a client's whims.

One of the store's traditions is its ability to satisfy patrons, calmly and under all circumstances.

During the height of the blizzard

of '88, a breathless man struggled through the drifts into the store. Still panting, he asked for a pair of white flannel trousers. Certainly, Brooks had them. They were wrapped and handed to the man, who vanished into the storm.

That was the only sale made that day.

Brooks' sales run to more than \$1,000,000 a year. The stock is privately held, so no actual figures are published.

Consequently, they don't like to talk much about finances, and seem bored when the subject is brought up. Why should the public be interested?

If to-morrow's customer can get a nightshirt or a nightcap—with or without tassel—when he wants it, why should he bother about balance-sheets?

In 1938, Brooks' sold six dozen deerstalker hats. That's more important than earnings per share. And certainly the man who was able to purchase a wine steward's chain three days before the repeal of prohibition didn't care about other tangible assets.

Anyhow, the store knows that if it ever got into financial difficulties, the customers would see it through.

Nobody is going to let Brooks Brothers die.



bright horizons, happy days

Serving the Allied Cause throughout the War, the K.P.M. and other principal Netherlands Shipping Lines lost 164 vessels as a result of enemy action. This was almost half of their combined fleets.

Happily, that is all in the past. The day should not be far distant when "Great White Yachts" of the K.P.M. Line will be thronged again with happy travellers bound for the glamorous islands of the Netherlands Indies and Singapore.



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THUS SPAKE TEMPTATION

By L. L. Foreman

It all began the morning when Cheryl dared that statue of Pan to whistle at her again. The park cop intimated she must be nuts. "But I heard it!" Cheryl insisted, a bit nonplussed. "Right after I passed. Distinctly!" She presented a pretty problem for the cop, as pretty a problem as ever tapped along his beat.

They both stared intently at shaggy-legged Pan, and Pan grinned back shyly over his pipes. "I tell you I heard it!"

The cop slanted an appreciative glance downward, ending at two smart little heels. "Like the whistling the boys do on Main Street?"

"Well, not exactly. It was—was—ever more insinuating." Cheryl's color was a lovely sight to see. "And I'm not crazy."

The cop considered the alternative. "Not me, either. You better run along now. A nice young girl like you, I should think—"

But it was he who ran along. This was a free country, Cheryl mentioned, and this was a public park. Furthermore, Talbot fingerby would have something to say about having his fiancée ordered round by a cop, if he heard of it. Talbot certainly wouldn't like it a bit. So there.

The cop walked off gladly.

For a while longer Cheryl looked Pan in the eye, before an insidious afterthought grew that maybe the cop was right—maybe she was slightly bubbles all of a sudden. "But I did hear it," she murmured defensively, and then she heard it again, the thin, wild fluting, vagabond and barbaric. But after a few liquid notes it was gone, drowned out by the raucous band of crows flying overhead.

Pan's pipes could take no blame for the fluting after all, Cheryl decided. She levelled an accusing gaze at a grove of aspens farther back from the park path. To the aspens she proceeded, chin up and stepping fast, for the moment forgetful of Talbot's oft-repeated recommendation never to act without thinking ahead.

Talbot always practised strictly the virtues of logical thought and deliberated action. To them he ascribed his success in life. Plus ability and intelligence, of course.

The sun-browned young man beneath the tree may possibly also have had a virtue or two, but dignified deportment was not currently one of them. He lay sprawled on the grass, wiping the mouthpiece of an oddly shaped little flute on his pants. He moved, scrambling to his feet, when Cheryl appeared.

"Uh—hello," he said confusedly. "I'm calling the Major, but he just stays there and I—". He made a vague gesture with the flute, and went on staring at her as if he couldn't get used to seeing her.

Cheryl examined carefully the surrounding territory. She said, "I don't see even a lieutenant."

"The Major is a mynah!"

"The Major is a—". She drew a deep breath, Talbot's sure-fire antidote for impetuosity. "Why is the Major a minor?"

The young man grinned fleetingly. "Not a minor. A mynah. Up in that tree, see? I brought him back from India. He's a trained bird, but this morning he—"

"I see," she said hurriedly. "Well, glad to've met you."

"Glad to've met you!"

In the office where she worked, Cheryl spent the morning typing with her fingers while her mind played in the park. At least one part of the piping young man's explanation struck her as cockeyed after she studied it, and the more she thought about that recumbent piper the more grew

her curiosity and concern. He was a returned soldier, and it was disturbing to think of him lying there fluting lonesomely away at a bird. His eyes, she recalled, were clean and gentle.

So when she went out for lunch she went back into the park, her excuse to herself being that it really was a pleasant and healthful roundabout walk to the restaurant where she usually ate lunch.

Pan greeted her with his knowing leer, but she passed him by and walked straight over to the grove. No thin whistling could she hear in the midday quiet of the park, and she was uneasy, even worried, until she caught sight of brown hair and a browned neck.

He sat cheerlessly on the grass, flute sticking out of a trousers pocket, hands dangling between his knees, gazing upward.

"Hello," he said, brightening considerably. "What time is it?"

"About twenty past one," Cheryl told him. "Look, how could anybody catch a bird with a flute? It's silly."

He shook his head patiently. "I bought the flute along with the Major. He's trained to come to you when you play it, and sort of dance. Bought 'em off a man in one of those dance-juggling troupes in India. But now he just sits up there and takes no notice. . . . Wait—don't go. After one, you say? Gee, I'm hungry!"

"How long has this been going on?"

"Since about six this morning."

"Did you have any breakfast?"

"No." He looked up at the bird with a mixture of sorrow and pained exasperation. It was a fairly large bird, and it jumped about restlessly on the bough, giving out deep croaking sounds.

"That's Malay he's talking, I think," remarked the young man. "He's a talking bird. Or it might be Bengali, or Assamese; I'm not sure." He listened critically. "No, that's a Burmese cuss-word. See, I brought him out here so he could fly round some, but after he lit up there—" He shrugged and sighed.

She said reasonably, "I don't see why you can't go and get something to eat, as long as he stays there."

He shook his head again. "It's the crows. They'll gang up on him if I don't chase 'em off. Wild birds hate tame ones, y'know—specially crows. I'm sure worried. See, he's a stranger here and he doesn't know his way round. Guess I should've left him in India." He was silent a moment. "Wish I were home myself, too."

"Where's that?"

"Finn's Ford, Texas. Here come those crows again."

The Major had also apled the crows. He thrust his head out belligerently and let loose a piercing whistle. The ragged crow formation broke up with a furious hullabaloo. One, faster and smaller than the rest, peeled off and soared at the tree, and the Major whipped round to face it. Another crow, a big rowdy with ruffled feathers and an enormous voice—evidently the ringleader—immediately swooped down to attack the lone Major from the rear.

The young man threw stones and waved his arms desperately, and after some hesitation the lethal-minded crew called off the murder temporarily and continued on their way. The Major croaked the Burmese cuss-word derisively after them.

"That's how they do every time," the young man said, mopping his brow. "So I can't quit him now, can I?" He looked earnestly into Cheryl's eyes. "No," he answered himself uncertainly. "I can't. What's your name? Mine's Dave."

Please turn to page 12

"See for y'self," said the park cop, staring wide-eyed at the strange scene.



KRAFT WINS

Australian

Cheese Championship!

At the recent Victory Conference of the Australian Institute of Dairy Managers and Secretaries, the Australian Cheese Championship, the First Prize and the Second Prize were all awarded to Kraft. This is the third out of five Australian Cheese Championships won by Kraft.

In addition, in the Victorian Section of the Contest, Kraft won the First, Second and Third Prizes in each of the three sections for New, Semi-matured, and Matured Cheeses.

*"Kraft Cheese
is more delicious
because it is
a blend of these
prize-winning
quality cheeses"*



says ELIZABETH COOKE,
Famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert



Australian Cheese Championship Cups
won by Kraft

"It takes that prize-winning quality to give you the extra flavour, the extra quality you get only in your favourite Kraft Cheese," says Elizabeth Cooke.

"First, Kraft takes these prize-winning quality cheeses, matures them to the very peak of perfection, then blends them . . . and the result is that delicious, mellow flavour which never varies."

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Cheese in sandwiches, salads, snacks, cooked dishes . . . and remember!

"Kraft Cheese is packed with the health-giving nutriment of the milk from which it is made . . . adds first class body-building proteins, tooth and bone building milk minerals, Vitamins A, B and D to your diet," says Elizabeth Cooke.

So ask for Kraft Cheese in the smart 8 oz. packet, or have the quantity you wish sliced from the economical 5 lb. loaf at your grocer's.



TASTES BETTER BECAUSE IT'S BLENDED BETTER!

Listen to Radio's most fascinating serial "MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D."
Every Monday to Thursday Mornings.

Land of the TORREONES

By C. BUDINGTON KELLAND

DRAMATIC developments occur as MR. BOBBS' expedition, led by young archaeologist MIKE BRONSON, endeavors to locate a rich deposit of molybdenite reported by BIG-NOSE KELLY in wild Arizona country.

PETE SKILLMAN, of the Potosi Mining Company, tries to beat Bobbs to the find, and various clashes, including the kidnapping and subsequent rescue of Kelly, take place between the two parties. KELSEY, Bobbs' beautiful daughter, sees one of the expedition, RUPERT CAVENDISH, known as THE LIMY, looting a store, then signalling mysteriously. She also sees by moonlight a strange procession of gnome-like figures.

Mike discounts her suspicions, thereby increasing the intense antagonism between Kelsey and himself. There is constant antagonism also between The Limy and JACK MAXWELL, another member of the expedition, as they vie with each other for Kelsey's favor.

Finally when the expedition, guided by LINK POVAH, reaches its destination, Kelly is unable to locate his original find. Mike, however, sights something of greater interest to his scientific mind—a torreon, or a stone tower, built by an ancient civilisation.

Now read on—

MIKE was pointing upwards, staring excitedly at the cliff tops ahead of him. "There's another!" he cried. "And another! And another!"

From the spot upon which they stood, no fewer than eight square torreones lifted their heads toward the blue sky, each crowning some pinnacle or jutting crag.

Mike Bronson's eyes were shining, his face was alive with emotion as Kelsey never had seen it. His lips were parted as he gazed, and she knew that no sight of any deposit of molybdenite worth its millions would bring to him the joy and satisfaction he enjoyed at this moment. It touched her and impressed her.

"I didn't think it could be true," he said at last. "What this will mean!" He turned to Kelly, who had ridden to his side. "Is this the spot you told me of?" he asked.

Kelly shook his head. "It ain't the same place, but I reckon I can find it from here. This country is a continental tangle of canyons 'n' draws. I'll find her now."

They rode round the great basin, seeking a way to mount the heights, but while daylight lasted no way could be found to reach the top. They encamped on the sands, excited, eager for morning to come. For once, Mike was eager to go to his bedroll, but all lay about the fire speculating upon the nature of the people who had built these strange, mysterious towers.

When at last they retired to their blankets, Kelsey could not sleep. With covering wrapped about her shoulders she sat, hands clasping slender knees, and gave herself up to thought, gazing out in the moonlight at one of the torreones.

Suddenly, as she dreamed and watched, she sat erect, for something had moved on that eminence—something, animal or human, had moved round the bulk of the tower to stand upon the rim, looking down upon their camp. She fumbled for her binoculars and lifted them to her eyes.

The first figure had been joined by a second and by a third. They were men, but what manner of men she could not descry.

She looked about over the little mounds which marked her sleeping companions. But one of them was not asleep. The Limy was sitting up as she was sitting up, and the moonlight glittered upon his monocle.

"What ho?" he said softly. "Ghosts and ghouls and long-legged beauties, what?"

Kelsey disregarded him. "Mike! Mike Bronson!" she called.

Mike surged upward from his blankets, tumbled, but instantly awake.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Look," she said, and pointed with tense finger.

Mike sprang to his feet, alert. Three tiny figures were now visible between the tower and the rim of the cliff. They seemed to be peering down at the sleeping camp. Mike reached an imperative hand for the binoculars.

"Not Indians," he said shortly. "Skillman?" Kelsey asked.

"Impossible," Mike said, and turned, with wrinkle between his brows, to stare at the Limy. "Would you know?" he asked pointedly.

"Cupbearers to the ancient gods, what?" asked Cavendish. "Incantations and spells and mumbo-jumbo."

"I don't feel precisely flippant," Mike said. "Miss Bobbs, did any signals pass between those men and Cavendish?"

"Not that I observed," she answered.

"Oh, I say, companions! Do I detect an adumbrant of suspicion? Does a canker eat at the core of perfect confidence?" The man's eyes were dancing with humor, and Kelsey fancied it was a malicious humor. He fumbled for his pipe, filled it, lighted it with a match behind cupped hands.

Then, deliberately, he held the burning match between thumb and finger in the still air, and moved it from right to left, and then downward, then from left to right, and back to the place of beginning.

"That," he said provocatively, "could have been a signal."

"It could indeed," answered Mike.

The tiny figures on the pinnacle vanished. Mike fumbled for his automatic. "Go back to sleep," he said. "I'll keep an open eye."

The Limy burrowed among his blankets as if he had lost interest in the matter. Kelsey knew she could not sleep. "I'll sit with you, if I may," she said, and Mike shrugged reluctant permission.

They drew a little apart, so that the murmur of their voices would not disturb the sleepers.

"Do you believe now that I saw gnomes?" asked Kelsey.

"You may have," Mike answered gravely.

"And the Limy making signals from the top of a rock?"

"Possibly. But to whom?" He shook his head. "It doesn't make sense. To whom, and why?"

"Not to Pete Skillman's party," she said.

"I would like it better," Mike answered, "if it were."

"Mr. Povah has been suspicious for days and days," she said. "His fingers have prickled."

"More than ever now," Mike said abruptly. "I wish you had not come."

"Have I," she asked, "been a drag on this expedition?"

"No," he told her honestly.



"Then," she asked, "why do you continue to wish I had not come?"

"Because," he said, "I am responsible for your safety. That feeling of responsibility is acute to-night."

"I asked for it," she said. "Whatever happens is my own fault. You will not be to blame."

"I am to blame," he said, "for any accident that happens to any member of this party."

"You," she said, "are a serious-minded young man."

"I have found it necessary to be serious."

"Do you also have to be heavy? It is possible to be serious about serious things without also being serious about things that should be taken

"There's another! And another!" Mike cried, pointing excitedly at the torreones.

lightly. You don't spice your dish. You've oatmeal three meals a day. Why not a touch of pie and ice-cream?"

"I like pie and ice-cream," he said, "and even caviar. But they haven't been served much where I was present."

"Maybe you squelched them. You're not exactly dour, but you have no lift." She looked at him oddly. "Did you ever have any fun? I've never heard you laugh out loud."

"It's been some time," he said. "since I heard a joke worth laugh-

ing at." He returned her look. "Why don't you go to bed?" he demanded. "You're just talking to hear a noise."

"Whistling," she said, "through a prehistoric graveyard. Very well, Mr. Bronson, I shall sleep, to awake refreshed and take my seat in the local grandstand. To watch you cope. I wonder how good a coper you are, because it's my guess that wholesale coping will have to be done before another nightfall."

She crawled into the cocoon of her blankets and almost instantly was asleep.

Please turn to page 17



**FOOD
FOR
FITNESS**

-FOR ALL THE FAMILY!

Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is a highly nourishing food in drink form — a food for all the family and particularly popular with youngsters. Kiddies who tire of drinking milk "straight," take a new interest when their daily ration is made more attractive with Bournville Cocoa. They love the rich chocolaty flavour and the drink does them more good too, for a cup of Bournville Cocoa made with milk and a little sugar is 45% more nourishing than milk alone. Today many Mothers and Fathers are enjoying a daily cup of Bournville Cocoa and setting a good example too . . . what about you? If there is none in your cupboard now, write it down on your next shopping list.



CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE COCOA

Doctors DON'T TALK

By FRANK NUNN

SMILING at him in a friendly way, the girl said, "You look lost." He halted. "I've lost my luggage." "Oh," she said. "Perhaps I can help you." She steadied herself against the swaying of the train and pointed into the end compartment, which was a lounge by day and a sleeper by night. "There's your case I think," she said. "I saw the conductor place it behind the chair a little while back." He followed the direction indicated by her finger and saw the case behind a large leather chair almost hidden.

"Thank you," he said and grinned at her. She was very pretty and apparently very friendly, because she was not the type to speak to strangers. He must have looked worried and she wanted to help.

She was waiting outside her compartment in the corridor while the conductor was tidying up the bunks. He had noticed her on the train after leaving Adelaide. She caught the eye with her skin and lovely nose and deep blue eyes. He said, "How is the headache?"

She looked surprised. "Headache? I haven't a headache." She searched his face and looked a little frightened.

Then it must have been your companion who wanted aspirin," he said. Her companion, he had noticed, was elderly.

"Mrs. Scarlett," she said. She looked puzzled now. "How did you know she had a headache?"

He explained with a smile. "During the night I heard somebody in your cabin ask for aspirin. I slept in the bunk just the other side of the partition."

"Oh," she said, but she didn't smile back. "Could you hear clearly?" She waited for his reply as if it were terribly important.

It was his turn to look surprised. "That was all I heard," he said. "I was just lying there and not deliberately listening."

"Mrs. Scarlett wanted aspirin," she said. "I didn't know the partitions were so thin." She seemed worried about that.

The conductor came out of her compartment then. Dan saw that it was empty. The conductor peered through the glass door into the crowded lounge. "You seem to be squeezed out, sir. Never mind, I'll find you a seat somewhere."

The girl moved back into her compartment. "If you would care," she said, "you may sit here. Mrs. Scarlett is visiting along the train." The conductor looked relieved.

The train was travelling fast but fairly silently. The girl sat sideways, listening, and Dan saw that she was trying to pick up voices from the lounge through the partition. He listened too. He could hear voices but not words.

He grinned at her suddenly, determined to retrieve the situation before it became too grim. "Are you frightened you may have talked in your sleep? Have you got some guilty secret?"

"No," she said. "What on earth made you ask?" She was agitated now, and he was sorry rather than curious.

"Look," he said shyly. "I'm a doctor. Doctors don't talk. Did you know that?"

"So you did hear," she said. Her face was pale.

"Only about the aspirin," he said. "Did Mrs. Scarlett take some?"



"Were you in this room any time today?" Dan asked.

"Yes," she said, "and her headache went." She turned her head abruptly and looked out the window. It was hot in the compartment and there were heavy clouds in the sky. They were swollen with warm rain.

There was a case on the floor with a label. The name on the label was Miss Joan Fair. Miss Fair, Dan diagnosed, was suffering from nerves. She was jumpy and suspicious and needed soothing. The diagnosis was not meant to be a professional one. He looked back at the scenery.

"Nice country," he said. "Your home State, Miss Fair?"

She turned back slowly. She had been thinking, not looking at the flying landscape.

"No, Doctor Randall," she said. "Is it yours?"

Her tension had eased a bit, and she was smiling almost coolly. He grinned. "We're both good at reading labels," he said.

"I belong to the West," he went on. "But I've been at the Adelaide University for the last six years. I'm just visiting Melbourne."

She didn't say what she was doing, and a silence fell between them. The train seemed to have entered an even smoother stretch of track, level and straight. It rode steadily and quietly, and through the partition a man's voice sounded clearly.

She narrowed her eyes. "Dr. Randall," she said, "I'm remembering what happened after Mrs. Scarlett asked for aspirin. We talked."

"Did you?" he smiled. "Is Mrs. Scarlett a friend of yours?"

"We are travelling together," she said. With a touch of bitterness she added, "I don't know whether you could call her a friend. Didn't you gather that?"

"How?" asked Dan.

"By the way we argued."

"I didn't hear any argument. Which bunk were you in?"

"The top. But I climbed down and got her some aspirin and then I sat on the foot of her bed and we argued."

He wondered then why she should be talking to him like this. The only reason he could see was that she feared he had overheard their conversation and wanted to explain. He tried to reassure her again.

"I didn't hear anything," he said. "You may have threatened to choke Mrs. Scarlett, but I didn't hear."

He was startled by the way she seemed to crumple up.

"That's just what I did threaten," she said.

He was stricken dumb for the moment, because of his blunderings and not on account of her confession.

"You don't look homicidal to me

Miss Fair," he said at length. "You have none of the symptoms. Why should you want to choke Mrs. Scarlett?"

"You're just playing with me," she cried desperately. "But I'll tell you just the same in case. Mrs. Scarlett isn't a friend of mine—she's my step-mother. She's a wicked woman, you heard me tell her. She killed my brother."

He wasn't so sure about the symptoms then. "Well, well," he said indulgently. He met her eyes and after a moment he shrugged and spoke quietly.

"I wish you wouldn't tell me, Miss Fair. I don't want to know. Honestly, I didn't overhear anything I

shouldn't have.

You don't have to tell me what has happened and

what you said."

She wasn't listening to him. "Mrs. Scarlett," she said, "oughtn't to be allowed to live. I had it out with her. I said more than I meant to. I—I threatened to kill her. I didn't mean it really and she only laughed. She said a sleeper on a train wasn't quite the place to make such threats and I ought to be more careful. Honestly, doctor, I didn't mean it."

Please turn to page 23



**Don't believe
a word he says!**

HE'S NOT TIRED. It's just that he wakes up feeling sluggish because his digestion has been at work all night instead of resting. Give him a cup of Benger's at supper or last thing at night. Benger's contains active enzymes which help you to digest your food, especially at the end of a tiring day. Benger's soothes you and sends you to bed with all the warmth and nourishment of a satisfying meal. You'll sleep soundly and wake up fresh and fit. Benger's has a delicious flavour. . . . Try it!

Why Benger's Food

is so good for you

People don't realise that milk is tough work for the digestion last thing at night. Active enzymes in Benger's Food break up these curds, partially pre-digest the milk so that you absorb the full

nutriment of the milk without digestive strain. Benger's, so-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. Obtainable at chemists and grocers.



B10/46

BENGER'S LTD. (Inc. in England), 350 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 20, 1946

Supplies will again become available when present restrictions are removed

EVAN WILLIAMS
shampoo keeps the hair young.

From a Persian garden

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"Why, you don't look twenty-five."

Such a happy sigh.

"Well, thank goodness for THAT," said Janie, "I knew that Charmosan face powder would make my skin look young again."

A warm night wind blew across a Persian garden and robbed the kingdom of flowers of its rarest, most precious fragrance. Gifted hands imprisoned it within the most beautiful face powder ever made.

It comes to you in a charming cream and gold and tangerine box that bears the proud name of Charmosan.

It is the choice of some of the most famous women of the world. Discriminating women by the tens of thousands in theatredom, the films, society, the home, and in sport all love and praise this exquisite face powder which so fills their wishes of what a **GOOD FACE POWDER SHOULD BE**. And Charmosan face powder is so good—so very, very good!

Big box 2/6. Small 1/3. Stays on for hours.

CONFIDENCE

Confidence AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU!

Ready to start the skiing run! Happy! Keen!
Full of confidence! Place your confidence in the better-balanced formula of Vincent's A.P.C. Powders and Tablets. Vincent's is the *only* A.P.C. prepared to the original hospital prescription first used by the Medical Superintendent of one of Australia's largest public hospitals. For over a quarter of a century Vincent's better-balanced formula has been proved safe and effective for the relief of 'flu and colds, headaches and all nerve pains. Always be sure you get genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powders or Tablets.

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For Headaches, 'FLU & COLDS, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Neuritis, Neuralgia, & All Nerve & Muscular Pain!

Pink Powders and Tablets

Genuine

VINCENT'S A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY VINCENT'S

IN VICTORIA SOUTH AUSTRALIA & TASMANIA Ask your chemist for Vincent's Powders & Tablets

CARL SHREVE

Choose your mink coat to match your hair!

Special breeding gives blond-to-purple range

By cable from New York

"A mink to match your hair" is the slogan of "mink ranchers" in Canada and the United States.

With scientific breeding, instead of the use of dyes or bleaches, mink is now being produced for the luxury trade in white, silver-blue, platinum, and blond.

"WHAT about a few purples?" I asked Percy Verner Noble, Canadian pioneer in mutation mink breeding at Shallow Lake, Ontario.

Mr. Noble was showing me over his 12-acre ranch and the question didn't seem too facetious in the midst of 1500 mink (not to mention 500 foxes), ranging from the natural through pastel to pure white.

The rancher prodded a shimmering silver animal with lilac-blue underfur. "There's your answer," he said.

This 43-year-old rancher was the first to produce a pure-white mink and the first to market it on a commercial scale.

His success has grown from a chance silver male born into a litter of standard mink in 1937.

Mink dinner was being prepared. The rancher was mixing hamburger in a huge electric bread mixer—half a ton of it, the daily ranch quota.

To the eye it was simply a sticky mass of ground raw meat. Actually its calories were counted, and every essential vitamin had to be there in precisely the right quantity, based on formulas worked out on the basis of fractions of an ounce per head.

An individual mink will consume from five to seven ounces of food a day, depending on its size.

Horse meat is the biggest part of the ration, but the smallest part of the problem. Mink needs minerals and vitamins in exactly the right proportions.

So 15 per cent. saltwater fish is added to provide calcium and phosphorus, 5 per cent. liver for iron, up to 20 per cent. cereal for Vitamin A and B, cod-liver oil for Vitamin D, and tomato juice for Vitamin C.

A small percentage of tripe or fresh-water fish is added, simply because mink like the flavor.

Tomato juice is a winter item, too. In the summer fresh greens or tomatoes are mixed with the food to serve the same purpose.

In an average year food for 1500 mink costs \$5000—£3-odd a head. Second only to food costs comes labor. It takes one man to look after every 100 females and their young.

Mr. Noble filled his pen with hamburger and led the way through the six-foot-high metal-rimmed guard fence.

Mink escape fairly often from the pens by gnawing holes through the wooden front of the cage. But, good jumpers though they are, their claws meet their match on the metal fence.

The mink scurried squealing round their individual cages, which are four feet long, a foot wide, and a foot high.

Feeding 1500 mink with 1500 hamburgers is a job. Slap, and a handful of meat lands on the wire mesh top. A mink leaps, a white nose nibbles.

"Don't touch!" I was warned as my hand went out to feel a lush platinum fur.

Mink are vicious, snap at anything within reach. They're scrappers, too.

Let a couple of cages edge accidentally together and tongues are likely to be pulled out, spelling death by starvation to the fighters.

Mink can be tamed, have even



BLOND MINK, result of "mutation" breeding from one light-skinned mink born in a litter of normal, dark-skinned mink. Its pelt, a yard square, might be worth £50.



KOHINUR MINK, another "mutation," white with black guard hairs. As mutation breeding is comparatively new, there are only 12 Kohinur coats in existence, and the exclusive warmth of this cape cost £3000.



SUPPLE ELEGANCE. The white, blond mink pelts in this coat were worth £50 each, but the furrier's work in cutting, matching, and joining the pelts brought its sales value to £8000.

been raised by cats, but you can never really trust them.

Most were females but some, the bigger fellows, males—a third as large again as the females and therefore more valuable.

Their pelts, when stretched, reach nearly a yard from tip to tip.

Here were dark standard mink, Noble Royal Silvers and Noble Whites (first reared on this ranch), Silverblues, Blufrosts, Black and White Royal Kohinurs, and the Noble Royal Kohinurs, more heavily marked, a veiling of black hair extending almost round the body to increase their value.

The Noble Standards are almost black. Dark as they are, they have a still darker streak down the back, a characteristic of most mink fur.

Brief blooming

THE pure white mink has no visible streak, but Mr. Noble assured me there is nevertheless the effect of a streak in the made-up garment.

Mink are prime in November.

"Like roses," Mr. Noble said, "they come to full bloom and stay that way a few days, but mink hold their bloom longer—about 10 days. After that the fur depreciates a bit every day."

On September 15, as the pelting season approaches, burlap is put in front of the cages to keep them dark.

From November 15 to December 1, mink are killed off painlessly with cyanide.

The cages remain empty all winter until the "kits" are born. Only breeders are kept over the winter. Four hundred females and 100 males, selected for their physical characteristics, health, and good blood lines, are spared to produce another year's fur crop.

These are housed in a covered shed. The covered breeding pens contain foot-square butterboxes filled with hay, where the female makes her nest.

The litters arrive between April 21 and May 15. They average 3½ kits, although some go as high as nine.

Instances of mink killing each other's kits through jealousy are frequent enough on any ranch, but they are not the biggest source of loss. Disease can take a sudden toll without warning.

Distemper and boils are two of the most common ailments, but pneumonia takes a heavy toll of kits and young mink.

Distemper deaths among mink have been reduced in recent years by the use of vaccine.

It is this constant threat of disease that makes mink-raising financially hazardous.

Pelts may bring anywhere from \$6 to \$13 for the average up to \$35 for some of the rarer mutation skins, but a single epidemic can wipe out all the potential profit in a matter of days.

A mink lives from six to eight years, but Mr. Noble keeps his breeders only three or four at the longest, and then their pelts, too, go to market, while younger mink carry on the strain.

He resorts neither to hormones nor artificial light to stimulate breeding. This, he says, is unnecessary.

Good food, good care, good breed—and good luck. That's his recipe. It was luck that bred this rancher that first silver male mink (now known as Royal Silver) nine years ago.

But it wasn't luck that made him curious to find out if he could do something with it, and it wasn't luck that later, after some trial-and-error experiments, set a man with less than a high-school education gleaming enough of the principles of breeding to enable him to produce a new strain.

Just how did that Royal Silver get into a litter of six kits, five of them normal? To that question science has as yet no answer.

If a freak can reproduce it is called a "mutation," or "sport." For-

tunately for Mr. Noble, his silver male proved to be a mutation.

Freaks are rare in nature. Noble's theory is that many mutations are born in the wild, but because of their odd color are unable to interest the opposite sex.

Furthermore, lacking their natural protective coloring, they fall easy prey to their enemies.

The very rarity of wild pale mink made their pelts of little commercial value.

It is only when there are enough pale matching pelts to make a garment that they attract the interest of the fur trade.

Laws of heredity

THE new understanding of genetics (the science of breeding) has changed the picture. By practical application of the laws of heredity to the mink world, man can now raise pale mink by the thousands, and their value has gone up accordingly.

When word spread about Noble's one pale mink another breeder offered him \$100 for it, but he turned the offer down, eventually obtaining an almost white female (till then judged worthless) from another breeder.

From these he bred mink of various mutations, but all with the white color dominant.

As yet, however, there was no popular demand for the light mink, so Mr. Noble decided to create one. He linked up with John W. Taylor,

Boston, and Noble-Taylor became the first marketers of mutation mink in the world.

The first white mink coat was sold to the designer Esther Dorothy, Boston, for £3000-odd.

It was the first made entirely of Noble Whites, and the first mutation coat of any kind or color made of ranch-raised mink.

It takes about 65 mink skins to make a coat, but if it is to be something more than "just another mink coat" the skins must be perfectly matched, and the furrier must be an artist as well as a skilled artisan.

First the skins have to be matched to perfection. Then they are cut into small pieces, carefully fitted together, and stretched and pinned on cardboard according to the coat's pattern.

Next they are nailed to the wall with about 10,000 pins, and left to dry for two days.

The cost of the finished coat can run anywhere from £800 to ten times that much, depending on the quality and color of the fur as well as the quality of tailoring.

The virtue of mink—apart from its beauty, of course—lies in its combination of warmth, light weight, durability, and lack of bulkiness.

Furriers claim mink ranks next to sable in the mysterious power to glorify women.

Mr. Noble rates its durability high. Taking sea otter, the most durable, as 100 per cent., he scores mink at 65 per cent., as against silver fox's 35 per cent.

CANBERRA CALLING

WOMEN all over Australia have a new means of assessing the talents of their representatives in Federal Parliament now that broadcasting of debates has begun.

It will, no doubt, be less diverting to listen to than the music, stories, and serials with which the housewife can vary the monotony of her day.

But she could well take a half-hour of Parliament in a spirit of dutiful inquiry, rather than as entertainment.

Most of us are not inquisitive enough about the details of what goes on in Canberra.

The broadcasting of debates may help us form an opinion about why M.P.s make mistakes, when they do so.

The world in general and Australia in particular have never been more in need of inspired leadership. The urgency and complexity of the world's problems make government now a job for men of exceptional capacity.

In such times, no parliamentarian is worth his gold pass unless he brings to his tasks at least the quality of sincerity—which simply means that the welfare of the nation is more important to him than his public career.

The quality is regrettably rare and the woman listener who detects it in a speaker should mark it well. When she finds it allied to brains, she has identified a man worthy of the obligations and honors of government.

At the same time, she will identify the time-server and self-seeker.

And when election time comes round, she will cast her vote with a keener sense of selection than ever before.

If I were a U.S. millionaire touring Australia

By AINSLIE BAKER

The one thing American millionaires like to feel like more than anything else in this world—is like American millionaires.

Australia's job as a potential air-age tourist attraction to the other side of the world, and the U.S.A. in particular, is to make them feel like that—while selling this country's first-rate tourist attractions in a way that will send them home full of enthusiasm.

WE have the climate, the panoramas. Where we have fallen down from the tourist point of view, and fallen down with a great big bang, is in the presentation.

A tremendous amount of money is waiting over the other side of the world to be spent on pleasure. For dollar exchange and a lot of other reasons we've got to see that some of it is spent here.

In the interest of Australia's prosperity, it's as profitable to sell our scenery as our wool.

We have the matter of a post-war housing lag on our hands. We all know that. But somebody's got to do a job of organising that will allow us to get on with putting a roof over the head of our returned servicemen while at the same time exploiting to the full the present golden opportunity of establishing ourselves as a first-rate tourist country.

American tourists don't exactly expect hot and cold running champagne, but they do expect service with a capital "S." Including breakfast in bed, irreproachable plumbing, a salad that is faintly recognisable to Americans as a salad, and toilet arrangements of a later era than middle Stone Age.

The Waldorf Astoria, with its daily American Beauty rose and free newspaper delivered with the breakfast tray, is poor preparation for the Australian wartime "take it or leave it" attitude of mind that is spilling over into our post-war lives like a blight. Dinner from six to eight in the better city hotels isn't going to compare very favorably with the dining-room service of the better-class hotels abroad.

And the one-hour limit for all meals imposed by the management of most country hotels and guest houses just won't do for visitors who know what they want and are willing to pay for it.

In the U.S.A., Sun Valley and all the other ski resorts, with their superb presentation, are away ahead of anything we have to offer.

Sun Valley tempts holidaymakers with a heated indoor swimming-pool, ice-rink, and dance-floor provided with a nationally known orchestra.

With so much of our finest skiing country left undeveloped, we are throwing away snowfields as magnificent as any in Europe. To develop them we need planned runs, comfortable hostels, a safety patrol in the ranges, and a programme implemented by an authority possessing enthusiasm and imagination.

If I were this wonderful and wealthy tourist I should be enormously attracted by the Australian surf and beaches, of which there are something like 300 miles used by the public as popular surfing places.

But I'd want to be able to dress in a building more attractive than the usual municipal surf sheds.

Because surf skis are used nowhere else in the world just as they are in this country, I'd want to be able to hire those and surfboards and have expert tuition in their use as you can at Waikiki.

When you consider that in Honolulu the surf is good as we know it for only 63 days in the year as against our 63 days or so when the surf is bad—it is apparent that Honolulu owes its world renown as



HOTEL QUITANDINHA, in Petropolis, Brazil, a luxury mountain retreat designed to attract U.S. millionaires on holiday.

a tourist attraction to hotels and service, and not its surf.

As a visitor I'd be ready to believe that the Great Barrier coral reefs, 250 miles long and enclosing an area of 80,000 square miles, are something right out of this world.

But I'd want something besides the chance to see them through a glass-bottomed boat.

All those little islands off the Queensland coast, 600 of them large enough to be recognised by the Lands Department, with their amazing variety of tropical fish, turtles, and bird life, are potential gold-mines.

We want not one, but a dozen or more Dunk, Day Dream, and Heron Islands presented on a scale appropriate to one of the first-class tourist sights of the world.

Alice Springs is going to be an awful shock to the system of the U.S. tourist who's expecting another Palm Springs, with its tennis-courts, swimming-pools, cocktail-lounges, and rumba orchestras.

Perhaps Alice Springs isn't entirely suited to just these attractions. Very well, then. It's up to us to cash in on those it has got—the strange and startling Palm Valley oases; the fantastic colors of the

Australia Needs...

To gain a fair share of the world's tourist spending, Australia needs:

- More snow chalets.
- Hunting lodges.
- Cross-country bus tours.
- Fishing camps.
- Trained hotel staffs.
- Guides and sporting instructors.
- New standards of comfort and service.

rocky formations—more brilliant even than the highly publicised Grand Canyon of Colorado—of the MacDonnell Ranges.

This winter the Melbourne-Darwin bus tours through Central Australia run again for the first time since 1939, and the three tours of the season were booked out before the first began.

If I were the great big American millionaire with his pockets full of beautiful dollars, I'd want to shoot buffalo, to do some dry-fly fishing.

Oh, yes, we've got the buffalo in the Northern Territory; we've got well-stocked trout streams like those of the Snowy River and its tributaries fished from the Creel to Jindabyne, the Fish River in the Oberon district of New South Wales.

In Victoria we've got the Taggerty at Marysville and the Eldon Weir near Alexander. But what we haven't got round to thinking of is any agreeable and easy way for the tourist to get to the trout streams and the buffaloes; or any really world-class place for himself and his wife to sleep when they do get there.

An overseas company has made a fortune popularising houseboat excursions up the Nile. During the seasons our own Murray River could be made every bit as payable a tourist proposition, provided really well-equipped, modernised boats and a trained personnel were made available.

At the moment one paddle-wheel steamer makes a weekly trip; even so, bookings for these are months in advance.

I think if I came here as a millionaire class tourist I'd quite likely want to see something of the pearly grounds of the north-western coast. I'd want to see—rather more than fleetingly from the air—something of the interior, the Nullarbor Plain and the deserts.

I might be interested in vine-growing, the wheat belt, rain forests. I'd expect detailed and exact information to be made readily available to me on all these subjects.

In the capital cities I'd expect to find a central authority who could inform me on their architecture, history, and landmarks. I'd expect to be able to see something of the great sheep and cattle industries, gold-fields, opal fields, without the embarrassment of having to farm myself out on the friends of business associates to do it.

In short, I'd expect some place to stay. But not—NOT the traditional Australian country hotel with its table napkins that last a week, and fruit for dessert on Wednesday and Sunday nights.

And I'd expect dripolator coffee. Boy, I'd certainly expect dripolator coffee.

Interesting People



MR. SYDNEY HARVEY
... knows his guns

SHIPS' rope ladders mean nothing to 69½-year-old Sydney Harvey, of Sydney. For six years he has climbed up and down them as inspector of guns attached to R.A.N. Armament Depot, Spectacle Island. To inspect defence equipment of merchant ships, has boarded roughly 500 during war, some in mid-stream in harbor, but many outside Heads. Has just retired after 53 years' service in Navy or attached to it.



MADAME FLORENCE AUSTRAL
... Australian holiday

FAMOUS operatic dramatic soprano Florence Austral left England in June to spend long holiday in her native country, Australia. Later will be joined by husband, flautist John Amadio, who cannot leave till B.B.C. contracts are completed. Austral is coming here to recuperate from war strain. Has managed large London house while Amadio toured munition factories and with international ballet and orchestra.



MR. RON BOARDMAN
... alpine packhorse trips

GUIDING parties of horseback riders through Kosciusko National Park is plan for next summer of Ron Boardman. Khancoban, Upper Murray. Brought up among horses, well known wherever rodeos are held in Australia, Mr. Boardman knows alpine country well. Will carry equipment on pack-horses. Parties will start from Khancoban, live under canvas, arrange stopping places to suit themselves. "If trout are biting well in any spot we'll camp there, move on when we please," he says.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



TOSS IN for polorosse practice match at Ingleburn (N.S.W.) Horse and Pony Club. Enthusiastic members of club are Mesdames T. H. Kelly, jun. (captain), Ernest Hirst (president), her daughter, Margot, Mrs. Albert Wood, Misses Jeanette Klegg, Barbara Drew, Monica Krippner, Noreen Moore.

New sport improves standard of horsemanship

Girls ploughed, planted own polorosse field

By JOAN POWE

An up-and-coming game among horsewomen in Australia with plenty of opportunity for riding skill is polorosse, English combination of polo and lacrosse first introduced here by the Ingleburn (N.S.W.) Horse and Pony Club.

Sportsmen and women at Ingleburn have been polorosse enthusiasts since 1940, but since war ended the game has spread to other country centres.

WE visited the Ingleburn team recently on their 18-acre playing field to watch a practice match.

President of the club, Mrs. Ernest Hirst, of "Springmead," Denham Court, Ingleburn, got the idea for starting polorosse here when she was in England with her husband in 1938.

In England it was played mainly under marquees, but the Ingleburn Club has adapted it to outdoors, and has drawn up a set of revised rules.

They also have their own club uniform of white helmet, red pug-garee, blue sleeveless sweater, and yellow shirt, worn with riding breeches.

Interest in the game is so high that several players travel 20 to 50 miles from other country districts and city suburbs to Ingleburn twice a week for practice.

"It's been called 'a poor man's polo,' having all the thrills of polo without necessitating players keep-

ing a whole stable of horses," Mrs. Hirst said.

"When we started playing polorosse we just used ordinary ponies, but now we find we want better and better polo ponies as we become expert at the game."

When they first began playing polorosse in 1940, girls in the club hand-planted the field with Kikuyu grass, doing the ploughing themselves.

"We had drought after drought, but we managed to keep the grounds in fair order and the fields clearly marked out," Mrs. Hirst said.

Polorosse is played with sticks similar to the netted lacrosse stick, and the ball is of soft white sponge rubber.

Coach Mr. A. S. Pitty, of Campbelltown, who played in the Goulburn polo team which won the Dudley Cup about 12 years ago, considers there is just as much skill involved in polorosse, without many of the dangers of polo.

Up to date the club has had no more serious accident than a

sprained ankle, and no injuries at all to ponies, which wear special polo boots.

"In the tackling there've been quite a few spills, however, and we've formed our own Caterpillar Club, similar to the Air Force's idea," Mrs. Hirst's daughter, Margot, said.

"Those who've had to bail out from their mounts during a game get a stripe, and nearly all the old hands have one or two stripes up for past spills."

Ingleburn Horse and Pony Club has been in existence for many years, and stages hunts and gymkhanas regularly.

"One of our aims is to improve the riding standard among young people particularly, and we've found polorosse the best training," Mrs. Hirst said.

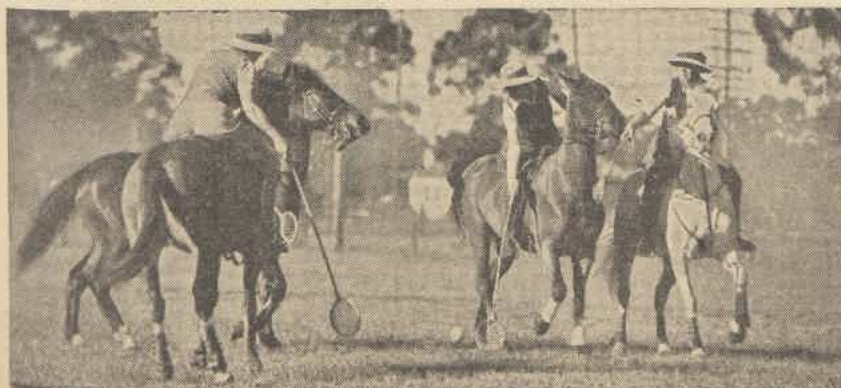
"We're hoping to have our own club house on the grounds shortly, where horses can be kept to enable more city people to take part in the game."



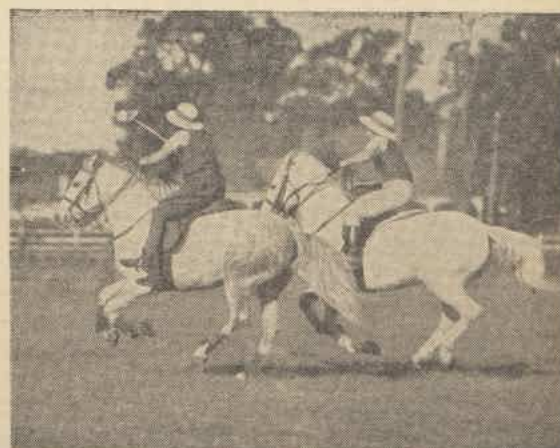
ON CREAM MARE, Jane, Miss Jeanette Klegg. Chukker lasts eight minutes; game is fast.



BATTLE FOR THE BALL between Mrs. Tom Kelly, jun. (left), and Mrs. E. Hirst. Limit is placed on time a player can carry the ball on her stick before throwing.



SCENE DURING PLAY. Monica Krippner takes the ball. Players, three on each side, are changed after each chukker of eight minutes. Timing and skilful wristwork are features of play.



GALLOPING down field, Jeanette Klegg takes the ball from Margot Hirst. Field, 160 yards long, is about half the size of a polo field.

Thus Spake Temptation

Continued from page 3

BRISKILY she said: "Cheryl. Listen. You can't stay here and starve all because a silly bird—". She went no further. Practicality was kinder in deeds than in words. "I'll get you a sandwich."

She returned carrying a bag of sandwiches and two pints of milk. He spread his coat for her to sit on, and they lunched together pleasantly in the shade, occasionally raising a glance to the Major, who passed the time watching out for enemy craft and muttering imprecations in several tongues.

Dave's expression said candidly that this was more than pleasant. It was wonderful. It was worth fluting at a stubborn bird for seven hours. It was worth not being home yet in good old Pinn's Ford, Texas. Cheryl, being a normal girl of swift perception in primary matters, became conscious of his gaze resting on her oftener than on the bird.

"Cigarette?" he said.

"No, thank you." She rose quickly, barking to the whisper of prim discretion. Talbot would be shaken to his conservative socks if he ever got wind of this. Besides, she'd been gone far past her lunch hour. It was high time to withdraw, deftly, firmly, and leave this Dave to his Indiana bird problem.

It wasn't easy. He regarded her wistfully, and she said, wavering: "Maybe that man living over the restaurant can help you. He's from India, and he seems to know everything. Knows fortunes, anyway. He told me I'd marry a tall outdoors man, and he was right."

"That," whispered discretion, "was deft. Now let's be firm."

"Oh," Dave fumbled the little flute from his pocket and stared down at it steadily. "You're married?"

"Well, soon. He's Mr. Talbot Ingerby, who is a Deputy Park Commissioner here in Carnburnst. I'll ask that man from India if he can help you, shall I?"

"If you'd be so kind," he said formally. "Thanks. And thanks for the sandwiches and milk. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

She certainly had no intention then of coming back. She was sure she wouldn't have, only the man from India said he'd never heard of this Pan thing in the park and didn't know where it was. He seemed very dubious about the whole business.

But as soon as he saw the statue, he said confidently. "Ah, yes, yes. In India is called Houbajah, Hoofed Hunter of Himalayas. . . . And this is gentleman who wants my advice?"

"I'll pay you ten bucks," Dave said. "I get that bird down for me."

"Bird? Bird?" The man from India had a disillusioned cast of face, dark and lean, its inscrutable profundity implemented by a green turban. He said softly, "Fifteen and expenses?"

"What expenses? That bird's trained to come when this flute's played, except to-day he won't do it. He's an Indian mynah and he talks you—"

"Ah, yes, yes. In India is called Kaphive."

Dave said he figured all that was needed was to call out commands in languages the Major could understand, such as Bengali, Hindustani, and maybe a few Tibeto-Burman dialects.

The man from India hastily rejected the suggestion. He explained that the mynah, a petted and sensitive bird, sacred to Ram Deo, would naturally be affronted by anything resembling a command.

"I think the poor thing's homesick," Cheryl put in, partly inspired by her remembrance of Dave's penultimate look when he spoke of Pinn's Ford, Texas. "It must be so strange and different here to him. Didn't you say he belonged to a dancing troupe or something?"

The Indian brightened. "Must entice," he declared, "nicely with things familiar to Kaphive memory of happy life in India. Yes, yes. Dancing girls I hire for you. Costumes and genuine Indian music. That would cost fifty dollars, sahib."

"Whoa!" Dave stopped him. "I've got to have enough money to get home on."

The man from India, after a moment's thought, offered a cut-rate compromise. For only twenty dol-

lars, please, he would lend genuine Indian costumes guaranteed to fool any homesick mynah, or Kaphive, into thinking it was back on the Ganges.

"For lady," he said, bowing to Cheryl, "a beautiful silk sari and precious jewels for hair and ears. For sahib is turban like mine, but pink. And fine jewels. . . ."

In retrospect, Cheryl supposed honestly that it must have been the precious jewels that did it. For some little time she had forgotten about the office. When she recalled it, she thought she might as well take the rest of the afternoon off, now that she was so late. After all, a job was not much, compared to the serious importance of getting Dave home to Pinn's Ford with his bird.

Thus spake temptation, shouting down the faint whisper of discretion. And thus it came about that along toward mid-afternoon the Major from his bough contemplated a scene below with amazement. So did the park cop.

It may have been the drum that drew the cop's footsteps to the aspen grove. The man from India thumped a mean drum; he had been nervously inclined to keep it soft at first, but after a few libations from a flask of what he said was a secret Tibetan tonic he gave it out hot. Or it could have been Dave's flute.

Dave was doing well with the flute. Squatting on his heels and wearing a turban, he would have more nearly resembled a snake-charmer if he had not been so plainly on the charmed end of the deal. His eyes followed Cheryl and he played whatever came out of the flute, and of course with such a kind and admiring audience Cheryl was encouraged to do quite creditably with the exotic swaying.

"You again!" the cop said. He took an authoritative step toward her, and Dave came up quickly out of his hypnotic.

Dave talked to the cop about the Major. The Major was getting interested, Dave said, and in another minute or two they'd have him lured down from there. Was there any law against that?

Cheryl talked of Deputy Park Commissioner Talbot Ingerby. The man from India talked ramblingly of the Declaration of Independence.

The cop left, talking to himself. True enough, the Major was displaying a good deal of lively interest. But it soon transpired that his interest was all in the crows, who were circling back again.

For some time the crows circled back and forth, raising a fearful racket while the Major whistled and swore at them. Finally the same small crow broke from the bunch and whipped downward in a long glide. The big ringleader peered off, too, and Dave and Cheryl got busy throwing stones.

This trip, however, the crows paid no heed to missiles. They were all agog over a new shift in the dispute. The big crow had shot suddenly across the path of the little one and given it a vicious angry peck. A couple of other crows, no doubt his yes-men, sped to his help, and the three of them plunged malevolently after the victim, who was trying distressedly to dodge out from under.

The Major dropped off his perch. His wings knifed out stiffly and he streaked down like an arrow. He overhauled a yes-man and clamped on to him. He dug talons and spurs into him and rode him down, and with a hideous shriek put the fear of Ram Deo into the other one in passing. When he released his unwilling taxi it was practically dismantled, and it joined the other one bolting back to the gang, cawing hysterically.

Dave resumed his fluting. Cheryl her exotic swaying, the man from India his drumming. The Major had resumed his perch. Such was the set-up when the law chose to come marching back. Again staring wide-eyed, the park cop said: "This way, Mr. Ingerby! Now see for yself!"

Deputy Park Commissioner Talbot Ingerby saw for himself, but he had to look twice to do it. With the second look, his normal expression of judicious perspicacity gave way to frozen anger. Cheryl had never seen him so impressively condemning.

IN his recently published book, "Behind Bamboo," a story of a Japanese prison camps, the Australian war correspondent Rohan Rivett tells an anecdote which delighted Australian, British, and American prisoners of war in Changi Camp, Singapore.

In accordance with British Army tradition, saluting was very much the order of the day, both between officers and men and between officers themselves.

Mr. Rivett relates how one day a very senior British colonel was walking along the road when he passed a man who, like most of the prisoners who had just arrived from Java, was clad in ragged garments and carried no insignia of rank.

"The pukka colonel barked knowingly, 'Well, my man! Don't you know that you should salute?'"

"The American ensign thus addressed stared at the glowering officer in bewilderment."

"Don't you know who I am?" thundered the Britisher, 'I'm Deputy Acting— of Malaya Command."

"Pleased to meet you," said the Yank imperturbably. "I'm Ensign H—, Acting Admiral of the American Pacific Fleet, Changi Area!"

OBservers of the atom bomb explosions stick strictly to similes from the vegetable world when describing the great cloud which arises from the explosion.

So far we have seen it described as "a mushroom," "a cauliflower," "fluffy red balls of cotton," "half orange," and "scarlet blossom."

Our favorites are "peaches and cream" and "its seething mass was like a fiery-red strawberry centre superimposed with giant scoops of cream."

We are looking forward anxiously to the next tests at the end of the month to see what further horticultural fantasies develop.

His nose and moustache quivered alarmingly. He forgot to clear his throat before speaking, and he certainly neglected to take a deep breath. Premature conclusions sprouted from the mowed lawn of his mind, and he said a number of unpleasant things, some several times over, setting forth his opinion of fluting fools and fortune-tellers.

It was when he began to criticize Cheryl that Dave put in an objection. "Break it off right there, brother!"

Dave said, and Talbot got downright out of control and took a swing at him. And missed. And Dave's eyes not gentle now, stepped in and clipped him without any lost motion.

Whereupon the man from India gave forth grave words of wisdom. "Hey, bub, let's scram!" he muttered, and beat it while the cop was picking up Talbot.

After that, it seemed to Cheryl that peace spread trembling iridescent wings over the grove. Dave was bouding her arm and saying earnestly that he was terribly sorry if he'd made trouble for her. At last he held both her arms and stood looking down at her, gentleness deep in his eyes.

And the Major was back on his bough, all the crows gone except the little one, who sat demurely and adoringly beside him. . . .

Certain of the birds in the park obviously couldn't be classed as crows, the park commission had to admit, even though they cawed like crows when not muttering sepulchral in strange foreign tongues. As to exactly what kind of birds they were and where in the world they had come from, that was up to the gravely puzzled ornithologists to figure out. They are still working on it, because Cheryl isn't there to give them a clue.

She's down in good old Pinn's Ford, Texas, where most of her time is taken up with tending a baby who has happily inherited her hair and Dave's eyes.

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All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

WORTH Reporting

Animal Antics



"It's my eyes, doc! I've been seeing green instead of pink inebriates."

For tired golfers

A MELBOURNE golfing friend of ours has just patented the "auto-caddy." It's an ingenious gadget with a wheel which fits on to the end of a golf-bag. The golfer or caddy simply holds the bag by the handle in one hand and lets the wheel do the work.

The inventor tells us he was inspired to the invention by some of his women golfing friends, who complain they find a heavy bag irksome to carry round an 18-hole course and by the sight of diminutive caddies heaving sets of 10 or more clubs around for large male golfers.

The sample we saw is extremely simple, weighs next to nothing, and can be put on or off the bag in a jiffy.

A LEADING nylon designer in New York is planning "furries," which are stockings with black velvet seam and heels.

He has another idea, too—stockings with zippered pockets for lipstick and money.

Civilisation marches on.

Hair of the doll

DOLL hospitals and shops can't meet the demand for dolls with real hair because not enough people bring in cuttings to sell.

Just ordinary snippings won't do the job.

Cuttings must be at least ten inches long, so that every hair can be worked separately. Someone has to pay for this, and the buyer ends up by doing it.

Dolls with real hair are, according to the size of the head, anything from 25/- to 42/- dearer than dolls whose curls are of plaster.

Not being able to remember ever having seen a red-haired doll, we were sufficiently interested to find out if there were any.

We were assured that some children actually asked for red-haired dolls.

Most popular sellers, though (wouldn't you know it!), are golden-haired dolls—those with long, old-fashioned curls being first favorites.

Girl football secretary

WHEN an attractive 20-year-old girl walked into the meeting of the Newcastle Soccer Club the other night, masculine eyebrows were raised and club members hastened to direct her to the dance hall farther down the corridor.

But Miss Royalene Hafey smilingly disregarded the instructions and settled down comfortably in a chair to follow the proceedings.

After all, she wasn't out of her depth at all, since she is the secretary of the Summer Hill Football Club and the first woman in the N.S.W. Northern District Soccer Association to be secretary of a soccer club.

Miss Hafey admitted to us that her self-confidence was badly shaken when she attended her first association meeting.

"I was quite unconcerned until I reached the door and saw about 30 men sitting around. Then I would have given anything to be at home knitting," she said.

Summer Hill Club was formed this year by a group of young players led by 13-year-old Colin Stone.

"They all come from soccer-mad families like my own," Miss Hafey explained, "and knowing my enthusiasm for the game they asked me to become secretary of their club."

But being secretary of the club is only a feminine acceptance of the second-best.

"Because," admits Miss Hafey wistfully, "what I'd really like to do is play."

War Widows' Guild

THE second War Widows' Craft Guild in Australia is now being formed in Sydney. The organising secretary is Mrs. Andrew Smith, whose husband, a captain in the British merchant navy, lost his life at Salerno in 1943.

The first Guild was established in Melbourne by Mrs. G. A. Vasey, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Vasey.

Object of the Guilds is to help war widows augment their pensions by learning crafts such as weaving, pottery, and glove-making.

Mrs. Smith explained to us that so many war widows are unable to take permanent jobs because they have to be at home to look after their children.

Weaving and glove-making can be done in their spare time in the home.

The Guild will also act as an advisory bureau on all kinds of problems.

The Women's Voluntary Services is sponsoring the Guild and is endeavoring to raise £2000. Members of the C.W.A. are assisting.

The Guild office is in the Bank of Adelaide Chambers, 43 Margaret Street, and the telephone number is B3518.

The co-presidents of the provisional committee are Mesdames R. W. Willis and P. O'Neill.



"Here goes the game, the ice, Mr. Johnson's disposition—and the hike we'd planned for this afternoon!"



ENGAGED. Richard Bettington and his attractive fiancée, Anne Whatmore, who have just announced their engagement. Anne is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Whatmore, of Bellevue Hill, and Richard, who comes from Coolie, Merriwa, is third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bettington. Richard and Anne plan spring wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and will make their home in Merriwa.



FINAL-YEAR medical student John McDonald (left), Cabrielle Gould, Social Science student, Mollie McDonald and her brother Philip McDonald at the Medical Society's Diamond Jubilee Ball at the Trocadero.



LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S. Wearing unusual hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, Sister Kenny lunches at Prince's with Mrs. Lang Culley, of Exeter.

Intimate Gossipings

FIND it hard to realise, shivering in July, that spring is just around the corner... but it must be so, because I'm told that there'll be a wonderful display of spring fashions at the Peach Tree Party to be held at the Trocadero, commencing August 12.

The fashion parade, which will be staged by Cursons, will take place each afternoon for five days—a different charity benefiting by each day's parade. August 12 will be donated to Legacy for their holiday house, Moss Vale; August 13 to the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind children; August 14 to the Frank Saywell Free Kindergarten, Moore Park; August 15 to N.S.W. Food for Britain Appeal; and August 16 to St. Vincent's special appeal for the maternity hospital.



RECEPTION TO SINGER. The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. R. J. Bartley (left), chats to Miss Joan Hammond, well-known singer, who recently arrived in Sydney from England, and Miss Hammond's sister-in-law, Mrs. L. Hammond, at reception at Town Hall given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress.

IF you really want to go crazy you should try playing the new game just out from America about the eccentric aunt... new arrivals from the U.S.A. go round saying, "I've got an eccentric aunt; she doesn't like windows, but she does like glass; she doesn't like drink, but she likes beer," and so on. The catch is whatever she does like has a double letter. Joy and Alexander Gray tried it out on unsuspecting Australians when they attended the 4th of July Ball at the Trocadero, and soon had their entire party playing the game.

By the way, despite what you may have heard members of the American community didn't get around to their square dancing.

TIMOTHY MILLS are names chosen by Bob and Jane Ashton, of Checkers, Cargo, for their second son, who was born in Sydney recently. Timothy's second name of Mills is after his grandparents' name—the Johnny Mills, of Bonny Rieg, Quirindi.

NEWS from Montreal tells me Mrs. Denes de Holesch, formerly Joyce Greer, the well-known Australian pianist, has a son, born on June 12. Denes and Joyce left New York for Canada last May and they intend to remain in Montreal until October, when they will either return to New York or travel on to England.

HONEYMOON at Coolangatta for Owen Blomfield and his bride, formerly Lella Madden. Couple married recently at St. Thomas', North Sydney, by Canon Fraser, late of St. Peter's, Armidale, where bride and bridegroom first met when they were school children. Lella, who is ex-A.W.A.B., is the youngest daughter of the late Canon Madden and of Mrs. H. B. Madden, of Armidale, and Owen is the fourth son of the late Mr. Richard Blomfield and of Mrs. Blomfield, of Rylstone.

SMART foursome lunching at Prince's... Lady Keith Smith and her guests, including Mrs. Hugh O'Halloran Gilles, of Adelaide; Mrs. Freddy Chenhall, Alison Vercoe.



HOME AGAIN. Lady Gullett with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Odell, of New York, and her grand-daughter, Olivia, arrive in Sydney from U.S.A. in time to attend the wedding of Lady Gullett's son, Jo Gullett, M.P., to Ruth Colman, in Melbourne on August 18.



VISITING SYDNEY. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gray come to Australia from America to visit Mrs. Gray's family, Mr. and Mrs. Stan Flower, of Merriwaga, Tilba Tilba. Joy, who left here ten years ago, is now noted American model, and her husband is a well-known baritone in U.S.A.

TO combat the cold in the radiator-less Town Hall, singer Todd Duncan and his accompanist, William White, sip hot tea between numbers from thermos flasks sent in by sympathetic friends. Todd had a busy time opening scores of congratulatory telegrams on night of his first concert in Sydney.

DATE for your diary: Royal Prince Alfred Ball at Grace Bros, this Wednesday. Dr. Bertie Schlink and his wife will welcome home medical nurses and lay staff of hospital who have been away on active service.

MARRIAGE at the War Memorial Hospital Chapel for Captain Richard Kendall, A.A.M.C. and his bride, formerly Joan Ellick, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ellick, of Spring Hill, Orange. Joan was nursing at the hospital and her bridesmaid was Lin Hebblewhite, who is also attached to the hospital. Richard, who is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kendall, of Gordon, is attached to 101 A.G.H.



LOVELY GOWN. Mrs. Daniel Glasser, formerly Nina Falk, leaves the Great Synagogue with her husband. Nina is only daughter of Rabbi and Mrs. L. A. Falk, and Rabbi Falk officiated at wedding.



WATCHING POLO AT CORBITTY. Margaret O'Sullivan (left), Joan Austin, Mrs. C. Austin, Mrs. J. Austin, Helen McFadyen, and school-girl daughters of Mrs. C. Austin, Christine and Carmel. The Austin brothers and their brother-in-law, Hector King, of Greenpoint team, played against Homestead team.

Success!

RELIEF AND IMMUNITY...

THOUSANDS BENEFITED BY LANTIGEN 'B' AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING FROM

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS,

ASTHMA, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS



GERMS AND THEIR POISONS CAUSE THESE COMPLAINTS

The five germs shown above are the main cause of the unpleasant symptoms of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infection.

★ The areas marked with a star on the head and chest show where they attack most strongly.

It is in these areas that the unpleasant local symptoms occur, but the poisons from the germs spread through the whole system, sapping energy—causing nervous upsets and other symptoms of general ill-health.

HOW A VACCINE WORKS. The function of a vaccine is to stimulate—by the release of substances called "antigens"—the formation in the system of what are called "anti-bodies." These "anti-bodies" are nature's antidotes to the invading germs and their poisons. Their development aids in the successful treatment of disease and in immunising the system against further attacks.

WHAT IS LANTIGEN "B"? Lantigen "B" is an oral vaccine, consisting of dissolved antigenic substances derived from a wide range of the bacterial species shown above, and specially selected as to their suitability for providing a broad protection against Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sinus or Antrum Infections, which are caused by similar types of germs.

NO INJECTIONS NEEDED WITH LANTIGEN. At one time it was considered that vaccines must be injected, but recent investigations have proved that vaccines may be also taken orally, which is by mouth, with great success. This, of course, is far more convenient than injections.

Lantigen "B" is an oral vaccine and has the additional merit of being a dissolved vaccine as well.

WHY A DISSOLVED VACCINE (LANTIGEN) IS MORE EFFECTIVE. Before the "antigens" which aid the production of the protective "anti-bodies" in the system can be released, it is necessary for the dead bacteria in the ordinary vaccine to be broken up and dissolved by certain dissolving agents in the body tissues.

When bodily resistance is lowered, these dissolving agents in the system may not be present in sufficient quantities to bring all the organisms in the ordinary vaccine into solution. For this reason such a vaccine may be rendered largely ineffective.

In the case of Lantigen dissolved oral vaccines, the organisms having already been dissolved by a special dissolving process in the laboratory, the "antigens" are ready for immediate and full activity.

PROMPT RESPONSE TO LANTIGEN TREATMENT. Response by the system to Lantigen "B" is, therefore, faster and more effective than if an ordinary vaccine were used.

This is proved by the success of Lantigen in many cases where ordinary vaccines have failed to bring results.

TAKEN BY MOUTH — ACTS IMMEDIATELY

GUARANTEED NOT TO HARM THE HEART
Does not interfere with other treatments

Here is good news for you if you are one of the many people in Australia who suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sinus or Antrum Infections.

A special dissolved oral vaccine (to be taken by mouth instead of by injection) has been produced specially to counteract these infections, to treat them, and to immunise against their return. It is prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under the supervision of an eminent physician and it is called LANTIGEN "B."



Thousands of former sufferers have gained prompt benefit by using Lantigen "B" and, if you are like most people, you yourself won't have long to wait for results after you commence to take it.

Former sufferers report these benefits:—

The nose doesn't feel "stuffed-up" and the head is free from dull, nagging headaches.

The chest is relieved of tight, bronchial congestion.

Good sleep is possible again without coughing or choking.

Health is better in every way—with more vigour and energy.

Resistance to infection by the catarrhal and bronchial germs is increased, and Lantigen "B" helps to immunise the system against their return—sometimes for years.

READ THESE PERSONAL LETTERS OF TESTIMONY FROM USERS

Canadian Relieved from Bronchitis.
"I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without waking around three o'clock, choked up, and getting no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B' and what it has done for me—it is worth its weight in gold—minimising very stubborn, severe attacks of Bronchial Asthma. I have just completed using one bottle."
—(Signed) Mrs. May Braithwaite, 366a Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont.

27 Years with Bronchial Catarrh, Now Well.

Mrs. B. Lane, of 12 Kahle Street, Windsor, N.S.W., writes: "My mother has had Bronchial Catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual scratching, tickling cough which, in turn, caused her eyes to run with tears and, at times, nearly choked her. She couldn't lay on her back or on her right side without being nearly choked with coughing, and she didn't go where there was any cigarette smoke. Five weeks ago, she decided to try Lantigen 'B', and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement."

Marvellous Treatment for Catarrh.

Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for Catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles, I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

£1/1/- per bottle. The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Two bottles of Lantigen "B" are usually sufficient for the average case. In cases of long standing or great severity, three or four bottles may be necessary.

OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

Lantigen 'B'

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

PRODUCT OF EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY.



As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

ALMOST every day this week proves eventful for Cancerians, Pisceans, and Scorpions, who should seek desired goals and changes, especially after July 23.

Taurians and Virgoans are also likely to benefit, but Arians, Librans, and Capricornians should beware of upheavals, losses, and worries.

The daily diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Good weeks ahead, but troubles are likely during the present period. Be cautious, therefore, especially on July 18, 19 (to 11 a.m.), 20, 21, 22 (early), and 23.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Speed important projects now, for difficulties can arise after July 23. Meanwhile, July 18 fair, 19 (noon to 10 p.m.) good, 22 and 23 fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 23): Keep to routine tasks now, and beware indiscretions and worry on July



"You're new here, aren't you?"

16, 18, and 19. July 17 (to dusk) fair; July 21 (forenoon) helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Make the most of the present and finalise new projects and gains. July 17 (evening) fair, 18 good, 19 (after 2 p.m.) very good, July 20, 21, 22, and 23 (midday) poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Plan ahead, for better weeks come soon. Meanwhile, July 19 (to 10 p.m.), 20 (except 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.) and 21 fair. July 22 and 23 poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Act wisely on July 16, 18, and 19, for difficulties are likely. July 21 (forenoon), 22, and 23 (after 2 p.m.) fair.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Things improve slightly after this week, meanwhile guard against upsets and worries on July 16, 18 (to noon), 20, 21, and 22.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Keep busy and seek gains now. Use July 17 (late evening), 18, and 19 (to 10 p.m.) well, but live quietly for rest of week and for some weeks to come.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Plan ahead for good weeks to come. July 16 (after 2 p.m.) fair; 17 (late), 18, 19, 21 (afternoon), and 22 poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Live quietly and dodge upsets, especially on July 18, 19 (morning), 20, 21, 22 (to 3 a.m.), and 23 (to 2 p.m.).

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Get important matters completed now or shelve them for several weeks; for difficulties lie ahead. July 16 (after 2 p.m.) good, 17 fair, 19 (dusk to 10 p.m.) very fair. July 22 (afternoon) and 23 (sunrise) helpful.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Try to get things finished before July 23, and make the most of present period. July 18 (after 2 p.m.) fair, 19 and 18 very fair. July 22 (afternoon) and 23 (sunrise) helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TRA: Black and red, page 5, VI-VII.
SQUAR: Black, red, and green,
page 7, VI, VII, VIII.
BUTTER: Black, red, and green,
page 5, 43-45.
MEAT: Black, 52-104, 107; red, 105-112,
114; green, 113-115.
CLOTHING: VI-50, 52-112.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, staying in the Rockies, are horrified to see a lion leap from a tree on to **PROFESSOR THURSBY:** Hiding a motor cycle along a dangerous mountain trail. The professor is lying unconscious while the savage beast prepares to spring upon him. Man-

drake and Lothar run as fast as they can to his rescue. As they approach, Mandrake makes a hypnotic thunderbolt, and the lion recoils. It is seized by Lothar and flung over the cliff. The dazed professor says it is strange for a man about to make a trip to the moon to be nearly killed by a lion. **NOW READ ON:**



"MANDRAKE, EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS THAT THE MOON REVOLVES AROUND THE EARTH, BUT DOES NOT ROTATE ON ITS OWN AXIS. THEREFORE, WE SEE ONLY ONE SIDE OF THE MOON!"



"AS A BOY, I WONDERED AND DREAMED ABOUT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON THAT I'D NEVER SEEN. IT SEEMED SO CLOSE! ONE JUMP AND I'D BE THERE! WHAT WOULD I FIND? STRANGE LIFE? STRANGE CITIES?"

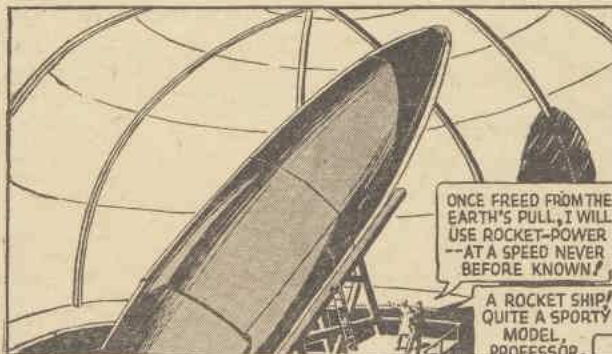


"MANY MEN HAVE HAD THE SAME DREAM. IT'S A LONG JUMP, WHAT'S THAT-- IN MID-AIR? YOU PRACTISE MAGIC ON THE SIDE?"

"NOT MAGIC, THAT BOX CONTAINS THURENE, SOME OF THE SUBSTANCE THAT WILL HELP ME MAKE THE LONG 'JUMP'."



"BY A COMPLEX REARRANGEMENT OF ATOMIC STRUCTURES, I HAVE CREATED THURENE! IT IS NOT AFFECTED BY GRAVITY! IT RESISTS GRAVITY! IT FALLS UP INSTEAD OF DOWN!"



"ONCE FREED FROM THE EARTH'S PULL, I WILL USE ROCKET-POWER--AT A SPEED NEVER BEFORE KNOWN!"

"A ROCKET SHIP! QUITE A SPORTY MODEL, PROFESSOR."



"JUST A MINUTE, PROFESSOR. YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE!"

"I'LL SAY YOU AREN'T!"



"PROFESSOR, YOU OWE FOR THREE MONTHS' LAUNDRY BILL. YOU AREN'T GOING TO SNEAK OFF WITHOUT PAYING."

"BUT, SHERIFF--EVERY CENT I HAVE, HAS BEEN SPENT FOR EXPERIMENTS. HOW ABSURD--I'D BE THE FIRST IN HISTORY TO MAKE A TRIP TO THE MOON--AND I CAN'T LEAVE BECAUSE OF AN UNPAID LAUNDRY BILL."



"THE ONLY TRIP YOU'LL TAKE IS TO A LOCAL GAOL, UNLESS YOU PAY ME."


"I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BILL, PROFESSOR."



"REAL MONEY! YOU ARE A MAGICIAN."

"PROFESSOR, REAL GENIUS CAN MAKE MACHINE FOR GOING TO MOON. NO CAN PAY FOR WASH."

TO BE CONTINUED



I've got a husband you can set the clock by!

DINNER AT 6.30 SHARP, and a husband home right on time and ready to sit down and enjoy it; an early meal, promptly served, makes the housewife's work a whole lot easier at the end of the day. It all depends, of course, on what time the men-folk of the family arrive home from work. And one thing which does prevent many men from getting home as early as they would like is the out-of-date 6 o'clock closing regulation enforced in this State. Most men who do enjoy a drink would prefer it after dinner, not before. For after dinner is the sensible and logical time for a man to enjoy a glass of beer or spirits quietly and unhurriedly and in comfort . . . as is done overseas and in several other States of the Commonwealth. Six o'clock closing was introduced in 1916 as a war-time measure. To-day, it is an out-dated, unpopular and unnecessary restriction of our freedom, and until it is altered, there can be no progress toward reasonable and moderate drinking conditions in this State.

Authorised by A. M. Williams, Social Amenities League, 58 Margaret Street, Sydney.

SA 3. PP

M

MORNING came suddenly. At one instant it was dark down there on the floor of the canyon; the next instant it was light, as the sun loomed over the brink.

The camp was soon astir. Heavy presentiments of the night disappeared. Mike Bronson was afoot to reach the first torreon. Mr. Bobbs was unwontedly cheerful. The Limey sang to himself. Even Mr. Povah was gay in a dry, dusty, sardonic way. Only Jack Maxwell glowered as his growing hatred for Cavendish smoldered.

The business of the day was to find some path by which they could scale the walls and reach the eminence upon which the tower stood. Povah found the way, difficult, precipitous, and perilous—a zigzag diagonal traversing of the face of the cliff, with unsure footing and calamity at the end of a misstep by horse or man.

It was noon when they reached the top and dismounted at the foot of the ancient grey stones of the tower's perpendicular walls. Mike walked to it almost with the step of a sleepwalker and laid his palm flat against the masonry with the caress of a young man in love touching the cheek of his sweetheart. His face was rapt.

Then suddenly he turned, shrugging off the mood.

"Mr. Povah," he said, "if we are to make our permanent headquarters here we must find water."

"I'll scurry round," Mr. Povah said. "Be kind of temporary till I get back."

Mike gave orders that the animals be unloaded, but the packs remain unopened until Povah should return with his report.

In half an hour Mr. Povah returned.

"There's a kind of a sort of a spring down there, meebly a hundred yards," he said. "Flat place to camp, sheltered-like."

They hoisted the packs to the backs of the horses and followed the old man, and above a meagre gush of water that tinkled away to disappear among the rocks they made their permanent camp.

"You're not forgetting, Mike," said Mr. Bobbs, "that the main purpose of this expedition is molybdenite."

"I'm not forgetting," Mike said. "This is as good a spot to start searching from as any." He looked about at the busy men pitching camp, unsaddling horses, opening and disposing of the contents of the packs. "Where's Cavendish?" he asked.

No one had seen him. No one remembered seeing him since they had followed Povah from the torreon to the spring.

"Hope the fool hasn't wandered off by himself," Povah said.

Mike leaped upon a boulder, cupped his hands about his mouth, and shouted, "Cavendish! Cavendish!" There were echoes, but no answer.

Mike shouted again, and this time there came a distant response. Presently the Limey came into sight, walking erect, monocle gleaming, picking his path in an oddly fastidious way among the rocks and boulders. He did not wave, and the party was silent as he approached, for there was something curious in the manner of his coming.

He stopped some twenty feet from Mike and clicked his heels, standing very stiff and erect.

"The tumult and the shoutin'," he said softly. "Echoes bouncin' from crag to crag. Why create all the bally disturbance, my boon companions?"

"I hope you will not wander off again," Mike said. "It is not safe. As leader of this expedition, I am responsible for the safety of each. We must submit to reasonable discipline."

The Limey smiled thinly. "Past tense, sharers of my hardships. Oh, very past tense."

"I do not understand you," Mike said stiffly.

"Leader of the expedition," explained Cavendish. "Was, not 'am.' Demoted. Supplanted. New regime. Jolly new regime, but plenty of discipline."

"Have you," demanded Mike, "lost your mind? Or is this your British idea of humor?"

"Not British, fella me lad. Not

Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 5

demented. Just taking over, what? Assum'n' the reins of Government." He lifted a whistle to his lips, a sort of boatswain's whistle, and blew a shrill note.

There was movement on three sides of the encampment, and there emerged from the concealment of rocks and bushes fifteen nondescript figures, bearded, tattered, gaunt, dirty, but advancing with military step, and in the hands of each of these apparitions was a weapon.

"The ghonies!" exclaimed Kelsey. The Limey's expression did not change. He did not give her a glance.

"If anyone moves, shoot him!" he said in German, in an incisive voice, cold as quartz. Kelsey understood him. So did Mike Bronson.

"Search the baggage and take all weapons!" the Limey continued in German.

The squads moved forward. "Watch the horses!" snapped the Limey, and four men detached themselves to stand guard over the horses.

Again the man clicked his heels, faced the astounded little group. "Captain Erich von Steuben, at your service," he said. "We have been prisoners of war of your country. Now you are our prisoners. Make no trouble. Any attempt at resistance will be dealt with summarily."

Jack Maxwell, who had been sprawled on the ground, half raised himself. "You Hun swine!" he said. The Limey took three strides forward and kicked him savagely.

"Must I give further instructions in good manners?" the Limey asked.

STARTLINGLY

Mike Bronson laughed. He threw back his head and laughed aloud and without restraint. The Limey's mouth dropped open. Kelsey started at him.

"I've heard everything now," she said. "I've heard you laugh. But this I'll say—you picked a fine time for it!"

"It's so incongruous," Mike said with difficulty. "Sixteen escaped prisoners of war against the United States! What's the big idea?"

The Limey answered Mike seriously. "It is for my record," he said loftily. "I planned and carried out an escape. I have marched a squad of heroes for hundreds of miles over impossible terrain. I have accomplished a great military feat. If I do no more, my name will be remembered as long as the German tongue is spoken."

"There you are," Mike said to Kelsey, and spread his hands. "You can't match that sort of thinking. They'd raise a statue to a mosquito bite."

"Mr. Bronson," said the Limey, "you are an enemy, but I have respect for you. For yourself and those with you, this is a serious matter. You laugh incredibly and untimely."

"Right," said Mike. "What comes next?"

"I rest my heroic men for a time," said the Limey. "I train them to carry out my great objective. Here we remain, with you our prisoners, until I am ready."

The prisoners crouched together in the shade. Maxwell gritted his teeth and nursed broken ribs. Mr. Bobbs seemed utterly bewildered and incredulous. Mr. Povah squinted his little eyes and chewed industriously.

The Limey detached himself from a group of his men who were methodically listing the assets of the expedition, and approached.

"Food must be conserved," he said tersely. "You will be rationed. There will be rules which you will observe strictly. Your plan will be to effect the escape of Mr. Povah, the most experienced in this country, to take word of our presence to your authorities. Do not do so. Should Mr. Povah disappear, two of your party will be shot summarily. Am I understood?"

"Quite," Mike answered. "Would there be any objections," he asked, "to our occupying ourselves while you hold us?"

"In what manner?"

"The torreon," said Mike. "We could busy ourselves with a little digging."

"Mike Bronson!" Kelsey exclaimed in a shocked, incredulous voice. "How can you think of your silly old towers at a time like this?"

"Why not?" Mike asked. "There'll be time on our hands. Why waste it?"

Von Steuben was smiling sardonically. "Go ahead and dig. It will keep you out of mischief."

He strode away.

"What," asked Mr. Bobbs, "do you suppose he means to do with us when he moves on?"

Mike had no intention of stating what he really thought.

"Probably," he said, "when they are rested he will take our horses and most of the food and supplies, and leave us to make the best of it."

"Will we be able to get out?" Kelsey asked.

"Mr. Povah will go out and bring a rescue party," said Mike. "Or he may run into Skillman." Mike frowned. "Skillman's in the country somewhere. For the first time I hope we left a trail he can follow."

"That's a hope," Kelsey said. She looked at Mike with disfavour. "You've talked a heap about being leader of this expedition. Well, what is the leader going to do about this mess?"

"There seems nothing sensible to do but wait," he said gravely.

"Are you a coward?" she asked bitterly.

Mike considered the question on its merits, and not as an insult.

"I really don't know, Miss Bobbs," he said. "I've never been put to the test. At the moment, I do not seem to be frightened. I am, however, inclined by nature to be careful."

Kelsey got up abruptly, walked away to the rim of the canyon, where she sat down upon a rock and turned an angry, uncompromising back upon her companions.

The Limey beckoned imperatively

to Mike. "You will draw rations for your party," he said, and then, "Mr. Bronson, you will do well to make no effort to escape. Any attempt will be dealt with summarily."

"You repeat yourself," Mike said.

"I shall not do so again," Captain von Steuben answered coldly. "Engage yourself with your playthings. I shall not interfere with your digging."

"There is Miss Bobbs to consider," Mike said.

The German stared haughtily, drawing himself to his full height.

"You may depend upon it, Bronson, that I shall not sully the record I am writing." His one visible eye gleamed with the light of fanaticism. "When the song is written about the feat of Erich von Steuben, it must be a great and moving and beautiful song."

"You're doing this for a song?" Mike asked curiously.

"What higher reward could a man ask? That his people for generations should sing his name. Why, my name may become the rallying cry for the next war."

"I never had much ambition to be a hero," said Mike.

He drew meagre rations, and the cook prepared them sullenly. Night came on swiftly. Kelsey was permitted to keep her small tent. The others were taken by the Germans, and Mike and his men were ordered to sleep close together in a guarded circle about Kelsey's shelter.

In the morning, under guard, Mike and Povah and two of the men were permitted to go with shovels and screens and picks to the torreon. Curiosity drove Kelsey to accompany them, though her mood was still one of scornful resentment at what seemed, to her, their cowardly acceptance of the situation.

Mike surveyed the task. "We will have to break through the wall," he said. "We have no ladders or material to make ladders."

HE designated a spot on the southern face of the tower, and supervised the work of removing half a dozen roughly squared sandstone blocks. The masonry had been bound with adobe mortar. When the outer blocks had been removed, the wall was found to be double, the wall between the inner and outer faces.

Almost reverently Mike entered the opening and stood upon the accumulation of centuries. Enough of the floor remained to show that there once had been a hatchway through which the defenders could descend into the interior. The tower top had been reached by a ladder, which could be raised in time of danger, and another ladder led down into the depths. Fragments of the ladder remained, charred by fire.

Light poured in from above, and Mike was excited to see that there were painted designs appearing upon the crude plaster that covered the stonework, representing birds and flowers and curious pennonlike flags.

Under his eyes the removal of the rubbish and accumulated dust was commenced. Every shovelful was screened for precious fragments.

Hour after hour passed in this fascinating rummaging. Even Kelsey caught the contagion of it, especially so when Mike pried up the slab covering one of the bins under a bench, and there, under their eyes, were the treasures hoarded by the mysterious people who had erected and lived in those fortress towers. There were painted prayer sticks of feathers and wood, and ropes wrought of feathers. There were stores of arrows with flint points, and grotesque masks used in long-forgotten ceremonies.

The light grew dim as the day waned. The last thing uncovered before Mike called a halt was a skull—a skull in which was embedded an arrowhead of flint—the skull of a warrior who had died in defence of his home.

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Memories of Gaiety Girl era



MR. AND MRS. LESLIE HOLLAND look through one of the handsome, leather-bound souvenir volumes presented to Gaiety Theatre patrons.

Gathering of ex-Gaiety Girls in London for the premiere of the film "Gaiety George" recalled memories of the first days of musical comedy to Mrs. Leslie Holland of Sydney, an original Gaiety Girl.

AS the 18-year-old Nellie Minshull, Mrs. Holland appeared in the first musical comedy introduced to the London stage in 1894.

It was George Edwardes' "Shop Girl," which ran for two years and ushered in the famous producer's unbroken series of similar successes at the Old Gaiety Theatre, including "My Girl," "The Circus Girl," and "A Runaway Girl."

While playing in these comedies, the young Nellie met and married Leslie Holland, also a member of the company, whom Australians remember best in "The Merry Widow."

"It was a glamorous and exciting era, and the memories of it will last this old-timer all her life," said Mrs. Holland.

"Thousands of pounds went into each of the 'Girl' productions at the Gaiety. The Gaiety (George Edwardes) spared no expense when it came to the costuming of the Gaiety Girls and designing of sets."

selected and approved the costumes for each girl according to her type.

"According to the Gaiety, I was the off-the-shoulder type, which meant a pretty freezing time for me in the cold, draughty theatre."

"Dressing for the show was no lightning business for us, what with the lacing of corsets, elaborate Edwardian half-skirts, and sometimes miles of buttons to hook."

"One costume I remember comprised brown velvet trousers, light fawn jacket, and garters which had 30 buttons each to hook and unhook."

One of the most exciting nights at the theatre, Mrs. Holland recalls, was during the South African War in 1900, when news of the relief of Mafeking was announced.

"The audience spotted Lord Kitchener in a box, rose to their feet, and cheered. We went wild with excitement on the stage, and most of the Gaiety Girls dressed as soldiers tossed their helmets in the air, or hung them on stage guns."

"After the show, our very correct assistant stage-manager, Joe Malone, fined us all 2/6 for what he described as 'most unsoldierly behaviour.'"



DASHING COSTUME worn by Nellie Minshull (Mrs. Leslie Holland) in "The Circus Girl."

"Although the shows had such long runs," said Mrs. Holland, "rehearsals were long and arduous."

"Before a new show, it was not unusual for us to be on stage at 10 a.m., and still be going through our paces at 2 o'clock the next morning."

"The girls got lots of lovely presents from admirers."

"One old boy I remember who turned up for practically every show never failed to send round a one-pound box of chocolates every night to the 15 girls in my particular dressing-room."

Dancing is big business..

Many ballroom professionals were regulars at "local hop"

Ballroom dancing isn't only a form of exercise that people either have, forced upon them by social exigencies or engage in because they like it.

It's big business to those who are good enough to get among the real money.

EACH of Australia's larger capital cities supports with its suburbs upwards of a hundred dance studios, large and small; with, in each city, 500 people engaged fully and part time in teaching.

The charge for a half-hour lesson at an average studio is 7/6. Larger studios will give private day lessons to 500 people weekly, apart from which there will be evening sessions and dance nights.

Prospects are considered so good that a number of ex-servicemen are not hesitating about returning to the profession.

One Sydney studio alone has six of these on its books, all of whom are receiving Government assistance in taking a £60 rehabilitation teachers' course.

One long-sighted young R.A.F. sergeant stationed in a country town during the war years saw an empty hall, took it on a long lease, and is now renovating it prior to opening his own school.

Many of the people who earn their living by dancing didn't start off to make dancing their career. They have just gravitated to dancing because it is what they like doing and do better than anything else.

The story of Monica is typical of that of any dance-loving girl who has worked her way up to the big money.

Like any other outer-suburban girl, she started off by attending Saturday night dances in the local town hall. She was then 16.

She went with a group of girls, all of whom paid their own way in—partly because they had no regular dancing partners of their own, partly because by doing that they were able to feel independent.

To begin with Monica was rather nervous. But because she was light, followed easily, and had an inborn sense of rhythm, she was soon dancing regularly with the one partner.

They began occasionally going to another suburb, where they heard a good band was playing.

Then they won a local competition. They began to take their dancing seriously, continually seeking to improve their style and steps. They danced only with each other; looked round for other competitions to enter.

Monica got a job teaching in a city dance studio.

She and her partner didn't get anywhere the first year they entered

really big competitive dancing. But they learnt a lot.

For better or worse, dancing was now Monica's life. She taught by day, danced at night, always with the Australian championship before her as the final goal.

She was approached by a studio of better standing. She switched to them. The following year she and her partner entered and won their section of an interstate competition.

Dance-hall and picture-show managements began to make offers for demonstrations and personal appearances. After three years' dancing they were on the edge of the really big money.

The world of dancing is a compact, self-contained one of its own, with its own loyalties, jealousies, and ambitions.

It starts at nine in the morning and finishes at twelve at night.

During that time a permanent band of cleaners, caterers, electricians, office staff, and musicians, apart from the dancers themselves, will be working at high pressure.

You have only to visit any big dance palace or busy studio to get this feeling of its separateness from the rest of the city's life.

Stepping into one of these is like stepping into another world; a world of soft lights where an unseen panorama is forever playing a tango and blossom couples are silently going through the steps of intricate dance routines.

The tango and the swaying couple go on all day. Sometimes it is another tango, the original couple are replaced by others, who sway in the same steps to its rhythm. But the pattern is unbroken.

In the late hours of the afternoon the night staff will take over from

those who have been working all day. It all happens amicably without a hitch.

There is just a new face at the reception desk, a new batch of girls and new instructors waiting for them on the floor.

Girls employed as day men can average as much as £2 a day working on commission.

Some studios still pay teachers a set retaining fee, but the commission basis is becoming more and more the accepted thing.

A good and popular teacher will be booked for as many as 10 to 12 lessons daily, so that she has no trouble in easily passing the figure of the retaining fee.

Once people are absorbed in the dancing world they stand with the same curious lighted grace.

Their movements are neat and



SPECTACULAR. This lift is omitted in the

disciplined, and yet more than other people's.

City dancing academies do regular business with country country who come to town to take a course and return to their home town, where they give instruction in the season's newest steps.

And there is always the old middle-aged business man with his lesson. Throughout the day come to the studios—you can't pick them out by the earnestly occupied way in which they're

Dancing to these pupils is a matter of keeping fit. They have their weekly lesson as a mild exercise, just as their particular play half an hour's squash have a Turkish bath.

Japanese, who show great and



1 THE SAMBA ROLL. First step in the Latin-American ballroom dance the samba, successor to tango and conga, introduced in Australia this season.



2 SAMBA SLIP. Note hold. Girl stands more to man's right hip than in English-style dances. He relaxes right knee, holds her hand at back of wrist.



3 REPEAT of Samba Roll, starting with man's left foot back, girl's steps directly opposite. Each step has its own tempo, alternating fast with slow.



4 SAMBA FALLAWAY. Partners draw away, step ends as they turn again to each other. Hand movements for both partners are important in samba.



5 SAMBA JUMP. (a) Man jumps to face girl with feet together. Original samba has been considerably conventionalised to suit ballroom restraint.



6 SAMBA JUMP. (b) Partners turn away from each other, swaying backwards from knees; girl looks toward man. Real dance is one of formalised flirtation.

THE SAMBA, new Latin-American dance

WHEN on her first visit to the Bagatelle, exclusive West End night-club, Princess Elizabeth asked the band to play a samba she assured the success of the latest dance of Latin-American origin, successor to the tango, rumba, and conga.

Recently introduced from South America, the samba is the newest craze in fashionable night-clubs overseas. Its ten steps are demonstrated in the above picture series by Miss Jeanne Montez and Mr. Jim Cane, well-known Australian dancers.



7 SAMBA JUMP. (c) Movement ends in typical Latin-American attitude; note man's right hand and position of girl's foot.



8 SAMBA WALK. A series of quick walking steps brings partners facing; girl looks over shoulder, kicks up foot.



9 SAMBA P. and 9th danced

If you're good at it

...am for European dancing, have spent a fortune in Australian dance studios during the past five years.

Teachers say they are beautiful dancers, easy to teach, and with a natural talent for dancing of all kinds.

This interest in English-style ballroom dancing shown by boys and girls from Eastern countries is reflected in letters received by a well-known Sydney teacher.

One from a Singapore boy of 20 begged her to send him her book on correct dancing.

Another, from a young Suva girl, confided her burning ambition to learn European ballroom dancing.

"But," she concluded sorrowfully, "my people would only laugh and make a fool of me. Many of us would get a beating for entertaining such a thought."

About the dance halls they agree that the biggest event of the year to the ambitious competitive dancer is the Australian championship.

For the past 15 years these have been held in rotation in the leading dance palaces or ballrooms of the various States.

As in all big interstate championships, the expenses of the competing couples are paid by the management of the ballroom in which the competition is held.

In all, something like £350 in cash will be danced for. But this gives no indication of the actual monetary value attached to the championship.

Firms which donate freely in goods for all big competition

events lavish presents upon the winners. Shoes, dresses, orders for tailoring, and, in pre-war days, even motor cars, are among the spoils for the successful entrants.

Throughout the dancing season countless small ballrooms run competitions, of from one to three nights' duration, and offer prizes of £30 to £40 in cash, so that there is always money to be picked up by really talented dancing partners.

A ruling allows competitors to retain their amateur status in all cases unless they become professionals either by demonstrating, by giving private lessons, or by using their name for purposes of advertising.

Successful dancers have at times commanded as much as £30 a performance if they turn professional

and enter the exhibition dancing field.

Pot-hunting not only takes well-known dancing couples interstate, but in a successful season brings them right into the £700-a-year income bracket as well.

The general public, who can't fox-trot, waltz, or rhumba as well as the £700 couple, pays them that amount in tuition fees, exhibition fees, and championship prizes.

It sounds a lot for doing just those things better than other people.

But before boys and girls get into the class where the really big money is to be had they will have to put in anything up to five years perfecting their dancing.

And in the early stages they will have spent quite a lot of money on lessons for themselves.

Once they approach big championship class, clothes become a subject of vital importance to both members of a dancing team.

Immaculate tails, as before the war, are once again the most important item in the male half's wardrobe.

The coiffure, make-up, and dance dress of the girl will have been as carefully studied and rehearsed as any other part of the act.

For exhibition and championship dancing, the pretty, full-skirted type of frock that will flare and sway with the dancer has always been favored in preference to the form-fitting garment.

But most examiners prefer girl candidates for bronze and silver medallions and gold medals to wear short frocks so that their footwork may be followed more closely.

Dancers sometimes change partners, sometimes retain the same partner throughout their dancing career. Frequently they marry.

Before a couple find themselves occupying the spotlight in the centre of the dance-floor, they will have spent hours closely watching successful dancers.

The eyes of novices will be on open-class dancers, studying their performance for points on showmanship, steps, and demeanor.

They'll have worked hard to rid themselves of any unconscious little mannerisms possibly displeasing to the onlooker.

In all, they'll have spent the best part of a year working up their routine, dancing together three hours nightly, six times a week.

Ballroom dancing fans have a highly technical language of their own, in which such terms as Hover Feathers, Drag Hesitations (synopated lock), Shoulder Leads, Running Zig-zags, and Amalgamations are just another way of expressing what you and I would call dancing.

Whether the stars foretold it or not, the future's going to look a lot more cheerful to Sydney's ballroom wallflowers this season.

Fearing a falling-off in the standard of ballroom dancing from a generation of customers who have rhythm-danced and jitterbugged



GAY ABANDON. Exhibition samba demonstrated by Miss Montez and Mr. Cane.

with Americans, Dutch, English, and Australians, the management of the Trocadero has established a dance partner bureau.

There dance-loving matrons whose husbands' footwork has never progressed beyond the polka, those sincerely anxious to improve their dancing, and the permanently partnerless can hire for 7/6 a half-hour any one of a team of ten well-known dancing partners.

The fat, awkward, or just shy will spend the next half-hour being wafted round the floor in the arms of an expert dancer.

Confirmed male treachers-on-tops and those lacking sufficient social poise to seek out partners for themselves are being catered for by a similar team of ten girl partners.

Patrons may book the same partner only for a half-hour period nightly. When the bracket is over patrons will be returned to their table.

They aren't encouraged to invite dancing partners to supper or otherwise prolong an entirely professional engagement.

The only dance the management isn't keen on its dance partners doing is crush or cheek-to-cheek. It might be too hard on their highly trained property.

Besides, it's frowned on in serious dancing circles, where it's regarded as essential night-club stuff.

And if you have ever wondered what serious dance-hall patrons think of night-clubbers and their dancing technique, just ask one of them—but sometime when you have about half an hour to spare.

These people consider that night-clubbers not only do all the wrong things—but do even those in the wrong way.

And if you've been harboring a secret urge to be flung aloft by a jitterbug expert, that's out, too. Dancing is strictly ballroom, as approved by the experts.



PROMENADE. Repeated to left and right. Ballroom version can be crowded floor; steps are neat. 10 SAMBA SPIN. Dance ends as partners spin twice in opposite directions. Finish shows feet locked, right hands are raised.

OUTSIDE the breach in the wall, two grim-faced Nazi sentinels waited to herd the prisoners back to camp. They were kept under close guard as on the previous night and, next morning, a meagre breakfast left the whole party hungry.

Mr. Povah sat hunched over, his beady little eyes flitting about, seeing everything, missing nothing.

"Haint but five of them Nazis in sight," he said in a low tone to Mike. "What's become of the rest of 'em? The Limey's missin'."

"Probably exploring," Mike said. "Five!" exclaimed Kelsey. "We outnumber them."

"Their guns kind of equalises it," said Mr. Povah, dryly.

"If I were a man!" Kelsey said bitterly.

Two guards approached, weapons displayed significantly. One of them spoke a command in German. Mike translated.

"The order," he said placidly, "are to dig. Evidently Captain von Steuben wants our minds to be occupied."

The entire party was herded to the torreon. Mr. Povah nudged Mike. "This haint no day for monkey-shines," he whispered. "These here fellers haint goin' to make mistakes with the boss gone."

"Ruhel!" one of the guards yelled, and followed it with a vicious blow that sent Mr. Povah reeling to the ground. The old man picked himself up, and there was a cold light in his slitted eyes, but he spoke philosophically.

"He means for us to shut up," he said.

Kelsey was not to be restrained. "Swine!" she said furiously.

The man lifted his open hand to strike, but Mike stepped between. He was smiling curiously, but his voice was placid as he spoke in halting German.

Land of the Torreones

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"No," he said. "The captain would not like that."

The man showed his teeth, hesitated, lowered his hand. The party walked on.

"What," Kelsey asked presently, "would you have done if he had struck me?"

"But he didn't strike you," Mike said.

It was not satisfying. He exasperated her. He exasperated her more annoyingly than any other man had ever done. But he had saved her from the indignity of a blow, and had done so without precipitating a crisis.

"Better guard your tongue to-day," he said.

The whole party was forced to enter the torreon. It was efficient. There would be only the opening in the masonry to watch. It would be as if they were in a cell.

"Do any of them understand English?" she wondered.

"Probably," Mike answered.

To anyone but an archaeologist engrossed in his investigations the day would have been gruesome as the tragedy of the torreon disclosed itself. There had been attack and heroic defence from which none had escaped. From the accumulation of ages sixteen bodies were exhumed—dried, mummified bodies of men and women and youths. Each had died in defence of the home.

The story of siege, of defeat, and death was there to be read in charred, fallen timbers and crushed bodies. It was evident that these men and women had fought upon the roof, protected by the stone parapet until flaming arrows had set fire to the wood.

It was the women who aroused Kelsey's pity. She wondered if they had been young, and beautiful in the eyes of their men. There was a girl—Kelsey judged her to be a girl in

her teens—with hair carefully parted and plaited in three braids at each side of her head and then worked into a knot at the back. On the morning of her death she had dressed her hair carefully for the admiring eyes of some young man.

Had she done so in peace and serenity, without knowledge of the attack to come, or had she arrayed herself heroically to meet the hazard of battle and the possibility of death, looking her best to inspire the warrior by whose side she had fought?

Who were these people, these builders of towers, these people with faces and customs alien to their neighbors? By whom had they been exterminated? Had there been a gathering of hostile tribes to wipe out an entire people or was this a mere foray against a single fortification?

Mr. Povah, Kelsey presently noticed, had not been digging. He sat upon the stone bench in a corner, legs crossed, working with his gnarled hands. Kelsey moved over to see what he was doing. In a heap by his side were stone axe-heads. With a pocket-knife he had been fashioning handles for them, and was fastening the heads to the helvies with thongs. He grinned up at her.

"If you was a man," he asked, "what 'ud ye do with one of these?" Behind her dark lenses her eyes glowed. "Then you're not like Mike Bronson? There's some fight in you?"

"I'm follerin' Mr. Bronson's orders," Mr. Povah said. "Yeah. He sort of, kind of, after a manner of speakin', figgers that if ye could smash in a feller's skull with one of these here a thousand year ago, ye kin do equally as good a job to-morrow."

Mike Bronson had thought of that. Mike Bronson had ordered the repairing of stone axes as weapons to be used against men carrying automatic pistols and rifles. It was absurd. But it was something besides absurd. It meant he had not quit. It meant he was planning, was intending some action against their captors. She left Mr. Povah and crossed to where Mike stood.

"What," she demanded, "are you going to do with those stone axes?"

"Hush," he said. "I just set Mr. Povah to fixing them up to keep him busy. Don't get foolish ideas. Did you think I was going to let out a war whoop and attack Captain von Steuben with a prehistoric axe? Shucks!"

"You're not exactly a hero, are you?" she asked icily.

"I fear," he answered, "I have few if any of the qualifications." He held out a curious wooden object for her inspection. It was a piece of wood some six inches long by two inches wide, with one end deeply notched, so that there were half a dozen sharp teeth. "This," he said, "is what one of the ladies used to comb her hair."

Kelsey thrust it away impatiently. "Can't you do something?" she demanded.

"Our best chance," he said, "is that Skillman will be able to follow our trail. He has some tough customers with him."

"Tough customers would be welcome," she said tartly.

"They certainly would," Mike said emphatically.

"So all we have to hope for is that Pete Skillman will ride in and rescue us?"

"It does look that way," Mike said.

"And then, if he does, what becomes of Dad's molybdenite mine? That was the objective of this expedition, was it not?"

"It seems rather unimportant at the moment," answered Mike.

"Being beaten by an enemy is never unimportant," Kelsey said.

"Do you really think so? I wonder. Maybe the main trouble with the world is the fear that someone else will beat you to something. I'm all in favor of letting predatory people have their way. I never saw anything that was worth so much fighting and scrambling."

"So you'd sit around and let people trample over you?"

"Up to a point," answered Mike.

"Up to what point?"

He smiled wryly. "I wouldn't know. I've never reached it yet."

Kelsey was nonplussed. Mike Bronson perplexed and irritated her. She seemed never to be able to make any impression upon him.

She probed for more enlightenment. "Have you abandoned the search for the molybdenite mine?" she asked.

"Abandoned? Well, I shouldn't use that word. I have—er—retarded it somewhat on the order of business."

You note that the skulls of these people were not deformed, and are rather long than round."

"Can't you," she demanded, "stick to a topic?"

"Not," he answered, "when I see no profit in pursuing it further."

Kelsey fancied she saw a softening of humor in his eyes, but could not be sure.

"Have you any plan?" she asked.

"What about the stone axes?"

"You cannot use stone axes against individuals equipped with guns unless a very nice opportunity presents itself."

"People have made opportunities," she said.

"So I've heard," he answered, "but I have vaguely doubted it. I suppose I could manufacture some kind of an opportunity, but it probably would end up by getting ourselves killed, and I do not want to have any of us killed. Including myself."

"Why," she asked, "do you want to stay alive?"

He blinked at her. "Because," he said gravely, "it hurts to be killed."

She was almost sure now that he was making fun of her, and somehow it pleased her. It pleased her to think he had a sense of humor, and then she was provoked because she was pleased.

"I didn't mean that," she said. "I mean why do you want to keep on living? What is attractive about it? What pleasure do you look forward to in life? I'm really curious about it."

MIKE regarded her gravely for a few moments.

"Does one have to cling to life merely because of the pleasures the future may offer?" he said at length. "Personally, I would prefer to have the future interesting rather than to have it jolly. Not that I object to pleasure as such, or to comfort, or—as you doubtless would express it—to having fun. But those things are by-products."

"And, I suppose, women are purely incidents?"

"Women," he said, "must be important or nature would not have created so many of them and gone to infinite pains to make them attractive."

"But not attractive to you?"

He was direct and disconcerting. "What you mean is," he said, "are you attractive to me. I suppose every woman wonders that about every man she meets. And every man wonders it about every woman. Well, as you have asked, you are sometimes attractive and sometimes annoying. You conceal too much."

"I've been told I am too frank."

"That," he said, "is a pose."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," he told her, "you pretend to be pretty braah. You speak out in meeting and try to give off the idea you are hard as quartz. You express your opinions of people, as you have done of me. You speak acidly. But really you are rather shy. You're afraid of something all the time. It's some sort of a thingumbob—complex."

So he had been studying her and weighing her character. She was pleased again, but not pleased that his appraisal came so close to the truth. He was astoundingly acute.

"What you really want to know," said Mike, "is if I have fallen for you the way Maxwell and the Limey have done. That's it, isn't it?"

"Certainly not," she said.

"So," he went on, ignoring her interjection, "I'll set your mind at rest. I haven't. When I fall for a girl, I want all the data. I don't want to go for half of her in a big way and then discover that the other half is undesirable. For instance, you have a very nice figure and a reasonably interesting mind, but maybe you squint."

"You're insufferable," she said in sudden anger.

"You asked for it," he said serenely. "Don't ask questions if you don't want answers."

She was thinking up a tart and apt retort, when there became audible an exultant shout outside the thick walls. Kelsey started to her feet. "What's that?" she asked.

"The way to find out," he said, "is to go and see."

Kelsey passed through the breach in the wall ahead of him. She was conscious that he stood at her side, his arm touching hers. A little procession was winding upward toward the torreon—first a line of men in sombreros, walking in single file, then behind them a cavalcade. The walking men were Americans; the riders were Germans, headed by Captain von Steuben.

Kelsey caught her breath in a little gasp as she recognised Pete Skillman among the weary, staggering pedestrians.

"Look!" she cried. "Look!"

"I was rather afraid of that," Mike said, "when von Steuben and more than half his men were among the missing this morning."

"You didn't say so."

"So I didn't," he answered.

The procession was abreast of them now, the Americans weary, dust-covered, scowling. Skillman glanced at Kelsey and Mike as he passed, but did not speak. The man Thompson slouched along. The others drooped with discouragement. The Limey drew up his horse, and his face broke in a superior smile.

"The party," he said, and there was suppressed triumph in his voice, "seems now to be complete."

To be continued

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085W, G.P.O., Sydney.



For two years Meg had put up with a hated boarding-house existence, sick to death of indifferent food, of queueing up for a bath, of living in her shabby bedroom. She'd almost given up hope of ever getting a flat when, one morning...



... BUT IT CAN'T BE TRUE! "BUSINESS GIRL WILL SHARE LUXURIOUS 2-BEDROOM FLAT WITH ANOTHER, ELM, 9272." WELL, THAT'S WHAT THE AD. SAYS



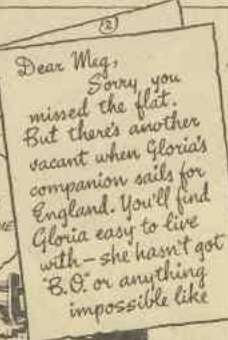
OH, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL FLAT! I'D LOVE TO SHARE THIS

WELL, ER, I'LL THINK ABOUT IT. LIVING TOGETHER ISN'T EASY UNLESS YOU HAVE EVERYTHING IN COMMON, YOU KNOW



OH DOREEN, I KNOW I WON'T GET IT! MAYBE I DIDN'T LOOK MY BEST. I'D BEEN HURRYING AND WAS HOT...

THINGS POOR AND! B.O. SPINS ALL HER CHANCES! I MUST FIND SOME TACTFUL WAY TO DROP A HINT



Dear Meg, Sorry you missed the flat. But there's another vacant when Gloria's companion sails for England. You'll find Gloria easy to live with - she hasn't got B.O. or anything impossible like



DOREEN'S MENTION OF B.O. SOUNDED LIKE A HINT-AND I'M TAKING IT! THIS LIFEBOUY, WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALT' INGREDIENT, GIVES BOTH LASTING AND ALL-OVER PROTECTION



AND SO A MONTH LATER

I'M SO GLAD YOU BROUGHT MEG AND I TOGETHER, DOREEN. WE'RE VERY HAPPY SHARING THE FLAT!

(THINKS) WE BOTH USE THE SAME SOAP-LIFEBOUY. IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT I'D BE IN A BOARDING-HOUSE STILL!

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

W.157.19

Royalty Sees Nylon Stockings Made

Princess Elizabeth and Queen Mary watched the creation of a pair of nylon stockings, from the first machining operation to the final wrapping in a cellophane packet ready for the counter, when they recently visited the Kayser factory in Hertfordshire, England . . . and when they left, took with them two of those cellophane packets as a souvenir gift from the manufacturers.

It was Princess Elizabeth's first official industrial visit and she was keenly interested in all she saw, chatting and questioning in friendly fashion with the employees.

Queen Mary wore a deep purple ensemble with a feather-trimmed hat. Princess Elizabeth was dressed in lime green with brown accessories.



THE PRINCESS is shown the method of inspecting Kayser Nylons.



Mr. HOOPER, a Director, demonstrates to Princess Elizabeth the art of turning a welt by hand.



THE LINKING OPERATION, where legs and feet of stockings are joined, keenly interests Princess Elizabeth.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY—herself an expert needle-woman—closely watches the way in which girls in the mending department pick up fine stitches.



Mr. GOODENDAY, Managing Director of the Kayser factory, demonstrates to Her Majesty Queen Mary the operation of knitting the legs of stockings.

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"ELIZABETH"
The hat for your winter outfits.
This gay, smart little "off-the-face" model was created for you by a notable French milliner. It is ideal for now and later in the season, and is ready for your immediate wear.
Available in four colors: Black, navy, brown, and pastel blue, and all shades are trimmed with a dusty-pink flower on each side of the face.
Price 39/11, plus 2/- postage. It is sent to you by registered post. No head fittings is required.



F4349



F4350



F4352



F4331



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F4353

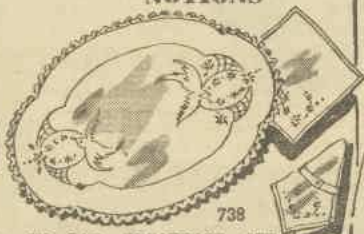
Fashion Frock Service

"MATILDA"—Pretty, slim-fitting frock
This charming little frock suitable for all occasions comes to you in oatmeal crepe in really delightful shades of beige, green lime, pale blue, royal-blue, and brown.
It features the full front skirt with wide shoulder line and slim hipline. The sleeves are long, and pretty neckline and button effect down the front give added interest.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 69/11 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 73/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/6d extra.
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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



738

No. 738—GAY BREAKFAST SET TO EMBROIDER.

This dainty breakfast set obtainable on good quality British cotton in pastel tints of lemon, blue, pink, green, and in white, is ready for you to embroider. It consists of traycloth, 17in. x 12in., and 2 serviettes, 11in. x 11in., with rings.
Complete set 4/11, postage 4½d. extra.

No. 737—LOVELY NIGHTGOWN

The pattern for this really glorious nightgown comes to you (dared clearly on washable satin in shades of sky, sea-deal (green), coral-pink, and in white, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together. It features an embroidery motif on yoke, which is simple to do and most effective.
Size 22in. to 34in. bust, 21/6 (9 coupons); 36in. to 40in. bust, 27/6 (9 coupons). Postage, 6½d. extra.

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SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Model Flat, Fashion Frocks, or Needlework Notions (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your state as under. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.
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REASSURINGLY

the doctor said, "Of course not."
"And now," she cried tragically, "if she's found dead you'll be a witness."

"But Mrs. Scarlett isn't going to be found dead, is she?"

"How do I know what might happen? She has so many enemies." She was close to tears. "Are you going to tell the police when you're through with baiting me?"

Before he could answer her a woman appeared at the door. She looked sharply at Dan and then at Joan. Dan stood up. She was a little woman and he towered above her. She was well preserved; she looked sweet and fresh even although her blue eyes were a little dimly. She smiled down at Joan.

"Darling," she said, "have you found a friend? How lovely."

"This is Doctor Randall — Mrs. Scarlett, my stepmother," Joan said shortly. Mrs. Scarlett lifted her eyes to Dan. He smiled and bowed.

"Sit down," she said, "May I join in the conversation?"

She sat down next to Joan. "Darling," she said, "we must have all the luck in the world getting accommodation at Pils Hotel. We have to thank Mr. Elder for that. Mrs. Dark hasn't been able to book in anywhere."

Dan sat down. He was surprised. Pils was the recognised caravanserai of the medical profession and rarely took in outsiders. "Maybe I'm lucky too," he said. "That's where I'm booked in."

Mrs. Scarlett turned her head. "How nice," she said. Dan looked past her at Joan. She was staring at him. "Will you be staying in Melbourne long?" she asked.

This was more than polite interest. Dan felt. Joan had been scared that he had overheard a lot more than he should have and had deliberately sought him out to get things straight. She still didn't know where she stood. He said, "A week and I'll be spending the time mainly in theatres. There's a wizard surgeon I—" He stopped. Joan was looking at him appealingly.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "we'll be seeing something of each other. I only know the hospitals, but perhaps we could find a theatre somewhere together. What do you think?"

Joan nodded quickly.

Mrs. Scarlett said, "Joan's brother was to be a doctor, but unfortunately in his third year he died of tetanus."

"Tetanus," Dan said.

"Ted was such a darling," Mrs. Scarlett went on. "We miss him awfully. He went to Alice Springs on a vacation and had an anti-tetanus shot before he left. He was always the perfect doctor. He came home feeling sick after scratching himself with a nail and forgot to tell them at the hospital that he'd given himself a shot. They treated him and there was an awful reaction."

"Oh," Dan said. He remembered what Joan had said about her brother and Mrs. Scarlett. He studied Joan curiously for the first time. Maybe there was something to all she had told him after all.

"It was so unexpected," Mrs. Scarlett said. "He hadn't even made a will and his father had left him such a lot of money."

"It reverted to mother," Joan said.

Doctors Don't Talk

Continued from page 7

curly. Mrs. Scarlett blinked and gave a far-away little smile.

Dan stood up abruptly. "Well," he said, "I'll look out for you at Pils." What he really meant was that he would look the other way. If he didn't want to get his reputation sullied right from the beginning this was something he would have to keep out of.

He went back to the lounge. It was empty now except for the man who had occupied the bunk over his. He was a big man with black eyes that were alert and suspicious. He hadn't talked much on the trip, but had asked a few inquisitive questions. He had noticed the brand new prefix to Dan's name on his labels.

"Doctor, huh?" he had said and had looked Dan over interestedly.

He came now and stood in front of Dan.

"Going to be hot," he said conversationally. "We're going to steam in Melbourne before the day's out. How did you sleep?"

"Off and on," Dan said. "How did you?"

"I was awake most of the night," the man said. "It was close up there. Been giving the women next door some professional attention?"

Dan smiled at his inquisitiveness. "No," he said, "they're all right. Why do you ask?"

"I heard one of them bleating for aspirin during the night," the man said. Dan looked at him hard for a moment and then dropped his eyes to the paper. He felt uneasy.

The conductor started to dump luggage into the lounge ready to unload. Dan stole a look at his companion. He didn't look like a rogue, but there was a sharpness about him Dan thought might prove distressing to Joan if the man had overheard everything.

Dan got off the train without seeing Joan again. He went straight to the Pils Hotel. He felt a little guilty about abandoning Joan like that, but it had to be.

He had stayed in the hotel often when an American hospital unit was stationed there. He had come over from Adelaide specially to look over their advanced electrical equipment, which had treated 42,000 marines and G.I.s from Guadalcanal and New Guinea. He had occupied this room on each occasion.

It was a neatly furnished room. There were no pictures, but only a hand-painted notice tacked to the wall. It was without a glass protection, and it read:

"The management respectfully asks that you should give your room and its furnishings the same consideration as you give your body. If you are careless of your body, it will become sick, and if you abuse the room it will become sick, too. Unfinished cigarettes left burning on the dressing-table will make scars; the carpet will become pock-marked if you knock out your pipe on it, and the drinking-bottle will lose the bloom of health if you chip and crack it."

"We are particularly concerned that the furniture should not meet an early and sudden death from coronary thrombosis caused by too much cigarette-smoking. Thank you."

Dan read the notice. There was one in every room in pillar-box-red. It was just one of the professional touches about Pils, but he was in no humor to appreciate the heavy play on CT.

He went out after lunch. He had meant to wander from hospital to clinic, but early in the afternoon he found himself back in his room. It was very close. He took off his coat and stood looking through the window, wondering whether Joan had gone out or was resting.

Then he saw her over at the bus stop. She was standing with Mrs. Scarlett, and she still looked most unhappy.

Dan went back for his coat and put it on. In a sense he felt relieved. There was no further reason why he should stay in the hotel. In another way he felt disappointed.

When he returned to the window a man had joined them. He was a big man, and when he raised his hat Dan could see that his hair was white. He was flashily dressed and

Dan disliked him on sight. When the bus came along they boarded it.

Dan caught a bus, too. He spent some time wandering rather aimlessly and then dining in the city. It was nine o'clock when he got back to the hotel.

The girl at the desk gave him a rather forced smile. Apart from two men who stood silently together half-way between the desk and the lift the lounge was empty. The two men studied Dan interestedly as he crossed to the automatic. He stared back at them. They didn't look like medical men, nor did they look like guests. In fact, they looked like the standard pattern of plainclothes policemen.

In his room Dan took off his coat again and flung up the window. It had rained earlier, and now the wind was warm and moist. There was a film of moisture on the mirror, and he noticed, when he touched it, that the froth bedstead was wet.

He guessed the reason because he knew a little about meteorology, too. The hot, wet air was condensing wherever it met cold surfaces.

He loosened his tie, feeling depressed. He wondered whether Joan had returned yet, and decided to ring the desk and ask. It was an impulse which had escaped from good sense.

The girl sounded strained. "Miss Fair is in," she said, "but she has visitors."

"Oh," said Dan. He felt flat again.

"Police," the girl said. "Mrs. Scarlett is dead."

"Police?" Dan gasped. "Dead?" "Murdered," the girl said. "Do you want me to connect you with

Miss Fair? She's in Room Twenty-Four."

No, thought Dan, frantically, I don't want any connection with anything like murder. And then he heard himself speaking. "Please," he said. And the receiver, already greasy with the damp atmosphere, got wetter.

So it had happened. She had killed her stepmother.

Then a voice spoke. It was a man's, and it was vaguely familiar. "Hello," it said, "who is that?"

A pause, then—"Dr. Randall speaking."

And even then the prefix sounded awfully stuffy in his ears. "May I speak to Miss Fair, please?"

"Oh," said the man. There was a pause, and then rather thoughtfully the voice went on, "Yes. I think you may as well come along, doctor. You could corroborate some evidence, I think. Room Twenty-Four." The phone clicked.

Dan went straight along. He felt sick. The door was opened to his knock by the big man who had shared the lounge with him on the train.

"Come in," said the man. "Regan's the name. Detective-sergeant of the Homicide Squad." He gave Dan a calculating look.

Dan walked in. Joan was sitting on a bed, staring at the floor. She was shockingly pale, and she didn't look up. On the other bed lay the inert body of Mrs. Scarlett, a hideous gash in the neck.

"Sit down, doctor," Regan said. There was a backless, upholstered seat flush with the wall beneath the red-painted managerial notice. An ordinary one stood opposite. Dan chose the opposite one. He wished Joan would look at him.

Please turn to page 25

Stinging CRACKED LIPS SOOTHED & HEALED

After a week-end outdoors my lips were cracked and sore. I'm so busy, but believe me it was absolute agony when I tried to talk.

I needed relief from that painful stinging, quickly. So I'll offer you the jar of **Rexona Ointment**. She said: "I always smooth this on my lips — it's really wonderful!"

I was amazed at the result. That cool, medicated ointment soothed away the agonizing pain immediately, and healed my cracked lips in no time.

So now I always smear an **Rexona** before going out. It prevents my lips from becoming chapped, and keeps them soft and smooth.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
1/6 OINTMENT
A JAR
(City & Country)

Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

O.82.32

Careful — you'll hit my RINSO!

STOP! There's nothing to equal RINSO'S RICHER SUDS for speedy washing-up

NO MORE SLOW OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS FOR ME! RINSO'S LONGER-LASTING SUDS DISSOLVE GREASE IN A JIFFY

EVEN BURNT-ON FOOD COMES OFF FAST AND NOT A TRACE OF HORRID SCUM LEFT ON THE WATER!

HEAVENLY DAYS! SEE HOW RINSO MAKES CHINA, GLASS AND SILVER SHINE!

RINSO IS THE MODERN WAY TO WASH... AS GOOD FOR DISHES AS FOR CLOTHES

TODAY'S LESSON
HOW TO CLEAN POTS AND PANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING! USE MONKEY BRAND — THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS WITHOUT WASTE

MONKEY BRAND
CLEANS EVERYTHING IN THE KITCHEN, BATHROOM, ETC.

Quick, Blessed Relief from Headaches, Colds and 'Flu



The reason why Anacin gives such faster, more effective and longer lasting relief — is that it is a combination of four highly effective agents in concentrated tablet form — not just one single ingredient.

You'll find that two Anacin tablets, because of their faster action, will often do the work of much

larger doses of other headache powders and tablets. Yes, Anacin is not only more effective but cheaper in the long run than other headache remedies. Your chemist has Anacin — in packets of 12 or family bottles of 50. Keep it handy to stop pain.

**Ask Your Doctor or Dentist
about Anacin**

FAST! One Anacin ingredient brings relief in a hurry.

PROLONGED! Another Anacin ingredient provides prolonged relief from pain.

Two bring fast relief

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Do You Know?

PEOPLE IN THE NORTH OF HAMPSHIRE, ONCE BELIEVED THAT A MOLAR TOOTH TAKEN FROM A GRAVE, AND WORN SUSPENDED FROM THE NECK, PREVENTED TOOTHACHE! TODAY WE KNOW TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY DECAY GERMS, AND THE BEST WAY TO PREVENT DENTAL DECAY IS TO USE

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

MAGIC FROM THE GRAVE

Infalible LYNX Tooth

THE CHOLONOS OF EASTERN PERU BELIEVE THAT TO RUB THE CHEEK WITH THE TOOTH OF A LYNX IS AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE AND FACE ACHES.

MISS KOLYNOS FOR JULY

Miss Nancy Bennett, of Ryton, East Coast, Tasmania. Blonde with blue eyes, a dress-maker, who wants to be a radio singer. "Kolynos soon had my teeth cleaner, and my word—how much more they shine." Send "Miss Kolynos" entry photograph to Kolynos, 44 Bridge Street, Sydney. £10 per month. £100 to girl polling most votes at end of year. Photos will be returned.

ZULU LORE!

THE ZULU ROYAL FAMILY BELIEVE THAT IF THEY EAT THE HEARTS OF ANIMALS, THEIR TEETH WILL FALL OUT. PROTECT YOUR TEETH! BRUSH THEM REGULARLY WITH KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM. KOLYNOS SWEEPS AWAY DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS—LEAVES YOUR TEETH AS BRIGHT AS CAN BE.

A GUID TIP!

YE SAVE TWICE AS MUCH MONEY WITH KOLYNOS BECAUSE YE ONLY USE HALF AS MUCH... ALL YE NEED IS HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH... MIND YE—NOT A SKERRICK MORE!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

"IF YOU PREFER A TOOTH POWDER, YOU WILL FIND THAT KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER CONTAINS ALL THE PROPERTIES OF KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM."

Doctors Don't Talk

Continued from page 23

SARCASTICALLY Regan said: "Talk to Miss Fair if you want to. Don't mind me."

Joan looked at Dan then. Her eyes were full of unwept tears and hard, angry resentment.

"Why do you have to come here?" she said, "haven't you done enough already?"

"Why," Dan said, awkwardly. "I just thought I might be able to help. He didn't understand her last question."

"Help," she said. And there was bitter scorn in that. "You heard me tell her what I'd do and informed this policeman here. And you said you didn't hear—"

She bit her lip. Dan looked at Regan.

"Did you tell her I told you that?" he said. He was very angry, and he was frightened for Joan.

Regan spoke to Joan. "He didn't tell me," he said indifferently. "I heard you myself. I was in his compartment."

It didn't soften Joan's hard eyes. She said: "I've told you I didn't do it. It was James Elder who did it."

"I know," Regan said. "Elder will be along in a moment." The indulgent note in his voice frightened Dan.

"Look," he said firmly. "I'm a friend of Miss Fair's and I'm going to watch her interests. She's going to have a lawyer and she's not going to make any statement until she has one."

"That's all right, doctor. She hasn't said anything yet, only that she didn't do it. But her scissors did it, and I heard her threatening her mother on the train last night. Didn't you hear her?"

"No," Dan said shortly. He looked back at Joan. She was listening silently, and he thought her shoulders looked a little less dejected. He turned back to Regan, who was mopping his brow. "Couldn't you cover the body while you're waiting for Mr. Elder?"

"No," Regan said. "Everything has to be just as it is until the boys have been over it."

Dan slumped back in his chair. He wished he could have a private talk with Joan, but he knew that wouldn't be permitted. So he was prepared to sit there and wait until everything was over and they could get a lawyer.

Joan's denial of guilt meant as little to him as it did to Regan. Joan had done this, and the only hope of saving her was to establish some legally acceptable reason. He stared at the wall opposite, stricken by the hopelessness of it all.

Regan was leaning against the door, peering. Joan was silent. Dan raised his eyes and studied the notice on the wall, reading it through from beginning to end without one word registering. But he did notice that the paint on almost every letter had run. Some of the paint on the bottom line had dripped right off the cardboard.

A knock sounded on the door, and the flashily dressed man with the white hair came in, followed by another detective. Dan got up and handed Elder his chair. Joan lifted her head, looked at him, and then at Regan.

"He's the man who murdered mother," she said quietly.

Elder looked startled.

"Take it easy," Regan said. "I'm not accusing you. That's all Miss Fair's idea. I just want to check up. Miss Fair reported that she came in and found her stepmother dead. She says you did it, so just for the record tell me what you were doing to-night."

Elder found that more comforting and relaxed. Dan was standing be-

side him, looking down on the thick mane of white hair and the red nose and tough chin, which jutted below the thatch.

"Why," Elder said obligingly, "I was with Mrs. Scarlett this afternoon. I met her at the bus stop by appointment. Miss Fair was with her. Our business took all the afternoon, and we parted at about six. They came straight back here as far as I know."

"They," said Joan. "What do you mean by that? I left you as soon as we arrived in the city. You and mother went off in a car."

"We all went in the car," Elder corrected her gently.

Regan said: "Whether you all did or didn't doesn't matter much, because Mrs. Scarlett came in alone. I've checked that. Now, Mr. Elder, Miss Fair says she went to the art gallery, had some dinner down town, and came in about 8.15. What did you do?"

"When I left Mrs. Scarlett and Miss Fair," Elder said, "I parked the car in Russell Street and had dinner. I was alone, unfortunately, but I'm sure I can find somebody who saw me in the restaurant. The waiter, perhaps, will remember me. After that I went to a theatre, then went home to my flat. That was about eight o'clock, and the caretaker saw me put away my car."

Joan said, becoming excited: "He started to quarrel with mother as soon as we arrived in the city. He wanted some money for a deal. It was something crooked, and he owed mother a lot of money already for deals like that he'd put through."

Elder looked shocked. "Now, now," he said.

"All right," Regan grunted, mopping his brow again. "I just want to ask one more question, Mr. Elder. Did you come up here to see Mrs. Scarlett again? Did you come up here any time after six?"

"I've just told you what I did," said Elder.

"That's all," Regan said.

Dan asked politely, "Could I ask Mr. Elder a question?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

"Mr. Elder, were you in this room any time to-day?"

Elder twisted his head and looked up. "No," he said. "Positively no. Are you Miss Fair's lawyer?"

"No," said Dan. "I'm her doctor. I'm going to prescribe a change of air for her. It's much too muggy in here. Have you noticed how high the humidity is in this room?"

Elder stared at him, and so did Regan. Joan looked astonished, too.

"Have you noticed," Dan went on conversationally, "how everything is damp, how things are almost dripping with moisture?"

Regan's eyes narrowed. "What are you driving at, doctor?" he said.

"Things have dripped," Dan said mildly. "Look—"

He crossed to the opposite wall and put his finger on the bottom line of the notice. "See?" He showed them. "It's wet." His finger-tip was red. He bent over and searched the seat of the chair immediately below the picture, and presently held up a second finger. "The heavy humidity has made the paint run," he said. "It's dripped."

"What's it got to do with this?" Regan demanded.

"Well," said Dan, "it would take a high humidity to make paint on a notice drip, wouldn't it?" Regan waited and Elder looked both puzzled and watchful. He went on, "It wasn't high enough at six. I would say it was at its highest between seven and eight, judging by my own discomfort."

Dual value of trees as warmemorial

THE planting of memorial trees of Australian origin would be a fitting tribute to our servicemen and at the same time help to educate the public on our native flora.

Every avenue of native trees planted would thus serve a double purpose.

Many Australians show little enthusiasm about our native trees and flowers. Even in the schools, periods spent in nature study are brief, and I doubt if many students know the floral emblem for each State.

Every year we have rose and chrysanthemum shows; why not an annual Australian flora exhibition?

1/- to "Wattle Blossom," Wonthaggi, Vic.

Offices in schools

WHY not equip schools with an office run on businesslike lines to handle such matters as correspondence, reports, parent-to-teacher problems?

This office could circularise parents about their children's requirements instead of children taking home garbled instructions, which often result in refusal of necessary items, resulting in embarrassment for the children.

5/- to Mrs. J. Oakley, 37 Scott St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Damp grass danger

IT is amazing to see how many parents allow young children to sit on damp grass. Queensland's grassy paddocks look very beautiful, and the green carpet is tempting to sit on; but it may cause all sorts of illness. Let us study vitamins by all means, but let us also use our common sense.

5/- to Pauline Knight, 18 Lloyd St., Mackay, Qld.

But you could check that up with the observatory.

"Why should I check it?" Regan scowled.

"I'll show you," Dan said. He crossed to Elder and suddenly seized his head in a professional grip. Elder squirmed and protested indignantly.

"Look," Dan said, "there are two drops of paint in his hair. Look at their color—pillar-box-red. It means that Elder was here to-night. He looked Miss Fair and her mother in here and knew a way to sneak up without being seen. He was sitting on that chair, and the notice dripped on him."

Elder was struggling violently. Regan strode over, took a grip of his hair, and dipped a finger. The paint was still wet, and glistened in the white hair. Then Regan crossed to the notice and jabbed another finger at it. He compared the two samples, and then turned on Elder.

Elder stopped struggling suddenly and went limp. Dan held him up with one arm, and felt for his heart. Then he laid the big man out on the floor. Presently he looked up at Regan. "He'll be all right," he said gravely. "But I think he'll die from coronary thrombosis in the end. Don't you?"

Regan nodded grimly. "It's a good deduction," he said, "or would you call it diagnosis?"

Dan looked across at Joan. She was sobbing quietly into a small and very inadequate handkerchief.

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What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Women and politics

MORE research should be given by C. A. Arnold (23/6/46) to the question of women's interest in politics. In Melbourne at the opening session of the League of Women Voters' Model Parliament many people were turned away.

Parliamentary procedure was carried out in detail, and the range of subjects covered by members should disperse for all time among masculine claims to superior mental equipment.

5/- to Evelyn Anderson, 14 Clinton St., East Brighton, Vic.

Too much bad language

SWEARING and profanity in public places are quite alarming to parents of growing children who, unfortunately, are becoming accustomed to it. If schools and churches made a special drive to point out that foul language is uncalled for, adults may take the hint and watch themselves in future.

5/- to Mrs. H. Fettes, 76 Moray St., New Farm, Qld.

Frustrating

RECENTLY I spent hours walking from shop to shop in Melbourne and Sydney looking for suitable shoes.

In many shops just the pair I desired were on view in the window, but I was invariably told that this was the only pair of that type, and could not be taken out of the window. What can be the sense in such a pointless practice?

5/- to Coralie Jeffries, 36 Erina St., Launceston, Tas.



dren, who become self-conscious and hate introducing them to their friends.

I do not mean shabbily dressed women, but those who spend quite a lot on clothes, but put them on carelessly.

5/- to "Teenager," Solomontown, S.A.

YOU'RE A DANDY STENOGRAPHER, JOYCE. BUT GOSH! YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE WITH THAT BLOTCHY COMPLEXION!

Good lookers go places! Get rid of skin faults with

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MEDICATED SOAP

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE OLD MAN HIMSELF? WHY JOYCE THAT'S THE JOB IN THIS FIRM!

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

By TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — July 20, 1946

TURN AGAIN HOME

By ELIZABETH FOSTER

FOR his contribution to the war effort, Des was building a chicken coop. It was to be a surprise for Mum. Chick feed was expensive, but if he turned in some of his war savings certificates he could afford to buy the chickens and the brooder and the feed. He didn't feel badly about turning in his certificates, because the Government was asking everybody to grow their own food.

Des hammered another nail into the framework of the coop, and looked at it with a frown. He wished Dad were here to help him, because the coop looked sadly lopsided. Dad had been an architect before he joined the Navy, and he understood about planes and angles, and what made a thing stand up or fall down.

Jeanie trotted round the corner of the garage in search of Des. She poked her long brown muzzle into his hand and he patted her affectionately. But Jeanie was unhappy these days because she missed Dad—she was really his dog and no one could take his place. Des knew what she was thinking; it was time to go hunting, and there was no one to take her.

With a feeling of dejection he decided to lay off carpentry for a while and have a drink of something long and cool. He could hear the tinkle of ice coming from the terrace where his mother was talking with Mr. George Perry. He put his hammer and nails in the garage and walked toward the house.

"What was all that hammering for?" exclaimed Mum, for the noise had disturbed the rather upsetting conversation she had been having.

"I was making a boat," lied Des virtuously.

Mum laughed, but there was a catch in her voice. "Always boats!" she murmured to George Perry.

"I think I'd better go," said George.

Mum made a curious little gesture, half of dismissal and half of remonstrance. George rose to his feet and looked down at her and murmured something Des couldn't catch. Then he went away, while Mum sat there in the garden, looking into space.

A small boy, a dog and a chicken coop achieve a minor miracle

"Mum!"

"Yes, Des, what is it?" she replied.

"May I have a ginger ale?"

"Yes—there's a bottle over there in the ice bucket."

She didn't say anything more until he was almost through his drink.

"Des," she said then in a queer voice, "I've had a letter from your father. He's coming home on Saturday." She turned her eyes away so that he couldn't see the expression in them.

"Gee, Mum!" exclaimed Des. "Now he'll be home in time to help me—!" He was about to say, "with the chicken coop," but he stopped himself just in time. "Just think," he went on, "he'll be home in time for the shooting! Do you hear that, Jeanie? Dad got leave in time to take you partridge shooting!"

Mum's face grew very pale, but Des was stroking the dog's ears and thinking about his father, and he didn't see how full of pain her eyes were.

When he had finished his drink he rose.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"I want to finish my boat," he replied evasively.

Mum stretched out her hand. "Des," she began, "this leave isn't going to be like the others—!" Then her courage failed her. George Perry had urged her to be brave and tell the boy everything before his father came home, but she couldn't. With a spasmodic gesture she caught him close.

"What's the matter, Mum?" Des was a little frightened.

"Nothing, darling," she said. Des looked at her questioningly. "I just mean, darling," she said, "that—this leave—might be longer than usual."

His eyes brightened. "That's

grand!" he exclaimed. "Maybe Dad'll be here long enough to get some duck shooting. Maybe we could go out to the marsh."

"Yes," she forced a smile, "maybe you could."

She knew she was being cowardly, but she had faced so much lately that she couldn't face anything more, especially not a boy with a trust and hope and excitement in his eyes, and a dog waiting to go out after birds.

"Run along, Des," she said gently, "and take Jeanie with you."

"Mum," said Des at breakfast on Saturday, "could you give me next week's allowance, too?"

"What for?" asked Mum, only half hearing what he had said. After breakfast they were going into town to meet Tom—the moment she had dreaded for weeks was at hand. She poured herself another cup of black coffee and drank it nervously.

"I need to buy some more nails," replied Des.

"All right, I'll lend you some money," replied Mum unexpectedly.

"Oh, thanks!" he exclaimed, his face alight with relief, "thanks!"

"Hurry, Des," she said. "Finish your breakfast—it's almost time to leave."

On their way into town they passed the Perry factory and she thought of George Perry's advice: "Tell him, Cynthia . . . It isn't fair to keep it from him."

They were already nearing the station and she must tell Des now or not at all. But just then she heard the whistle of the train and she put her foot on the accelerator in a panic. She hadn't time to tell Des—not unless she did it quickly and brutally. Again she felt weak and cowardly.

The station was crowded with wives and children to greet husbands and fathers. Through a haze she saw the train come to a stop, and she clutched Des' hand.

"Come, Des," she heard herself saying, "he'll need help."

Fear and dread gripped her—the fear that she might break down mingled with the dread of seeing him.

Des' voice rose joyfully above the hiss of steam. "There he is, Mum!"

And then the boy's steps faltered, and he hung back.

"Come along, Des!" urged his mother. "He doesn't see us yet—he's wondering where we are."

Des' eyes were on his father's empty sleeve. His eyes were smarting with tears, and he didn't want his father to know he was crying.

"Oh, Mum—" he faltered. "His right arm's gone—"

"I know," she said desperately. "He sees us now. Run to him, Des."

He stumbled down the platform, trying to make his legs run. Through the troubling mist in his eyes he could see his father's face, and it was thin and tired and lined with suffering. Des flung himself upon him, and Dad held him close. It was a funny feeling being held that way with only one arm.

Over his father's shoulder he saw Mum stop short, looking hesitant and afraid. But the next moment she was beside them, saying in a gay voice which made him ashamed of the way he felt, "Tom, darling—oh how wonderful to have you home again."

Dad didn't say anything, but put his left arm around her and held her close as though he never wanted to let her go.

He and Mum walked along the platform together toward the car, and Des followed them, thinking desperately of Jeanie who was waiting for Dad at home.

Des woke up at six o'clock the following Saturday, roused by Jeanie's plaintive whimpering outside his door. He got up and let her in, and she lay down on the rug. He was worried about Jeanie because she couldn't understand why Dad didn't

take her shooting, and she was restless and unhappy.

After a while Des thought he would get up and do some work on the chicken coop before breakfast. The roof was still lopsided, and he longed to ask his father to help him, but Dad hadn't stirred out of the garden since he came home.

He seemed to have lost interest in everything. Yesterday Des had found him in his old workroom, idly turning over some unfinished drawings of a house he had been building before he went to the war. Des asked him if he was going to finish it now, and his father had crumpled the drawings into a ball and thrown them across the room. As it wasn't like him to be either bored or violent, Des had been frightened. He had also known that he mustn't ask him for help with the chicken coop.

Des got up and dressed and went out to the coop. He drove a desultory nail into the roof, and the sound brought Jeanie after him. After a while he began to be very hungry.



Over his father's shoulder he saw Mum stop short, looking hesitant and afraid.

He laid down his hammer and went indoors. His mother was in the kitchen, frying thin slices of ham. Dad came into the dining-room and sat down behind a newspaper, and Mum brought in the ham.

Dad looked silently at the ham, and then handed Mum his plate. She cut the meat for him, and he said, "Why do you have things for breakfast I can't eat? I'm enough of a burden as it is without giving me things I can't eat."

"Tom, please—not now!" She made a gesture toward Des, but Dad paid no attention.

"You'll have to face it, Cynthia—I have. We can't go on this way. I refuse to be a burden like this."

"I refuse to be a burden like this," he returned quietly.

"No, but I know that I am." Mum started to say something, but the telephone interrupted her. She said, "Des, go and answer it."

Des came back with the announcement that Mr. Perry wanted to speak to her.

"Well, go on!" exclaimed Dad coldly as she hesitated. "What are you waiting for?"

Mum rose slowly and went out of the room; Des ate his ham and eggs, feeling lost and uncomfortable. His father had forgotten his existence again. There were dark circles under his eyes, and his face was a funny



sitting on the sofa, and there was a box of shells lying beside him as though he'd been counting them. He had also opened the glass case where he kept his guns and rifles. His face was white and drawn, and his hair looked unkempt. "What's the matter with Jeanie?" he asked again.

"She wants to go shooting," Des mumbled.

"What good would I be?" replied his father. "I can't shoot any more."

Des was silent, turning something over in his mind. Finally he said, "I could bring my gun along."

"You mean that old air rifle of yours?"

Des shook his head. "No," he said. "I mean the 22 Mr. Perry gave me for my birthday last summer."

"Oh!" said Dad. "Mr. Perry . . ." His eyes went blank again and he looked into space. Jeanie called attention to herself by pawing his knee.

"Please, Dad, let's take her out!" Des said suddenly.

"Won't she think it's rather funny if you do the shooting instead of me?"

Des blushed crimson. He had given away something. "We've been out shooting together before," he muttered.

"You haven't!" exclaimed his father in dismay.

"Yes," admitted Des uncomfortably, "but please don't tell Mum! She doesn't think I'm old enough to go out shooting alone with Jeanie."

"Neither do I!" said his father severely. Then his expression changed and softened. "What were you shooting, Des?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, nothing but rabbits," replied the boy.

Dad was silent, while Des waited nervously for a scolding. But the scolding never came. Instead his father looked at him with dawning interest as though he were groping for something in the hazy reaches of his mind.

"Do you really know how to handle a gun?" he asked broodingly.

"I don't know, Dad. I don't think so, but I had to teach myself because you weren't here."

"I suppose if I were decent I'd take you both out," Dad murmured half to himself. "Strange, how human Jeanie is. . . . Poor old Jeanie!"

Des sensed the change in his father's voice. "My 22 is upstairs," he exclaimed quickly. "I'll go get it—we can get some rabbits."

"All right," said his father limply. They left the house and walked down the lane. Des knew that most of the rabbits were in the fields, but he reluctantly edged toward the bordering woods. They came to a fork, and Des took the path to the left, but Dad exclaimed, "No, not there! That leads to the alder spinney where the woodcocks are—we'll try for a partridge."

Please turn to page 27

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 29, 1946

DES shivered with pleasure. His father had completely forgotten the rabbits. The path crossed a gully and began to cross a ridge. Leaves were falling round them, and Dad said that if they flushed a bird it would be a difficult shot because there were still so many leaves on the trees and in the air. He didn't seem to realise that shooting partridges with a .22 is not only difficult, but practically impossible.

"Wait a minute!" whispered his father suddenly. Jeanie was tense, one paw lifted, waiting.

There was a bird up there somewhere. Des cocked his gun, and like Jeanie he waited. Then his father moved slowly forward, and suddenly with a thunder of wings a bird rose in the air, making Des' heart stop with shock and excitement. But he kept his head. He raised the little .22 and quickly aimed for the partridge. It was a clean shot and the bird fell like a plummet into the undergrowth.

"Good heavens!" his father exclaimed softly under his breath. "With a .22!"

After the echo of the shot had died away there was a deep silence, and then Dad said, "Go get it, Jeanie," and the dog disappeared into the undergrowth. She came back with the bird in her mouth and Des looked at it with a stunned expression.

"What's the matter?" asked his father, stifling the welter of emotions in his breast.

"Gee, Dad!" stammered Des, "It— it was just an accident! I never thought I'd hit it!"

Neither did I. But it wasn't an accident, Des," his father added in an unsteady voice. "It was almost a miracle—in more ways than you know, son."

Dad reached blindly for the bird in Jeanie's mouth, but she stood there without dropping it. He was about to reprimand her when he saw that he had reached for it with his right hand—the hand that was not there.

Realisation hit him as he saw what he had tried to do, and then with a deep expression he looked at his son. Then he turned

Continuing . . . Turn Again Home

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away so that the boy wouldn't see the emotion in his eyes and began to walk blindly home.

Des was disappointed—he wanted to go on flushing partridge—but he silently took the bird from Jeanie and trotted after his father.

They came out of the woods into the sunlit fields and Dad made his way toward the house. The path led past the garage, and suddenly he paused. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to the chicken coop.

"Just something I was making," Des replied diffidently.

"Looks like a rabbit hutch," said his father.

Des did not reply at once. He was thinking of his chickens, how eagerly he had planned. But now, because of his clumsy way with a hammer and his lack of knowledge about planes and angles, the whole thing was a failure.

His father was by his expression. "What's the matter, Des?"

"Oh, nothing," mumbled the boy. After an uncomfortable pause he added, "Only—it isn't a rabbit hutch. I was trying to build a chicken coop. I wanted it to be a surprise for Mum."

His voice trailed away.

"Well," said his father, "why don't you finish it?"

"I don't know how," Des replied.

"I can't make the thing stand up straight."

He looked up at his father, full of misery, and blurted out, "I thought maybe when you came home—you could help me with it—but—"

"I can't use a hammer any more," his father reminded him quickly.

"I didn't mean that way. You understand all about planes and angles—you could have told me how to make it stand up."

"Well, why didn't you ask me?"

Des flushed. "You were always so tired," he muttered. "I didn't like to."

"I wasn't always tired," said his father unsteadily. "It was something else."

His eyes weren't vacant any more. They were alive and troubled.

"Des, you should have asked me," he exclaimed. "Come on, get your hammer and nails," he said abruptly.

"If I could only draw," he thought to himself, "I could show him so easily. I could teach him what makes it stand up." But he didn't say so out loud. Des reappeared with the hammer, and asked for advice. "The floor needs shoring," he replied. "That's why the roof is crooked. Go and get some strutting and shove it under that corner."

A car came in the drive. Des was intent upon his hammering, but his father heard it and exclaimed, "There's a car. I suppose I ought to go and see who it is."

"It's Mr. Perry," said Des. "He usually stops in on his way home to lunch."

Mum's voice could be heard talking to the visitor as Des paused to collect some more nails. Des went back to his hammering, but Dad was silent and did not give him any more advice for a few minutes. He looked at the distant woods, and the dead bird lying beside him on the bench, and Jeanie; and then he looked at Des and the coop.

He rose with a sudden motion. His face as he started toward the house was grim with resolution, and he was carrying the partridge.

"Hello!" exclaimed George Perry. "Where did you get that?"

"Des shot it," he replied briefly.

"George, I want to talk to my wife."

"George wants to talk to you," said Mum quickly.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

George looked at him without rancor. "I came over here to offer you a job," he replied. "We need a man at the factory to handle the personnel."

"Thanks very much, but I don't want it."

He paused, indicating that it was time for George to leave. With the same mild expression George rose and went out to his car.

Mum was silent, hiding her dismay.

"Cynthia," he exclaimed, "I want to talk to you about Des."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing's the matter with him. That's just the point."

"What's he building?" she asked.

"A chicken coop."

He sat down and put his head in his hand, while she waited patiently. The coop had something to do with his present mood, but not everything. The partridge lying on the grass might also be part of it.

He tried to collect his thoughts. He wasn't going to tell her about the box of shells he'd found in the library—the mustn't know how black his mood had been at breakfast time—he was going to tell her about Des and Jeanie. He mentioned the dog first, in halting sentences—how he'd felt conscience-stricken about her, because she'd given him so many happy hours in the woods.

"It was the first time," he said ruefully, "that I'd thought about anything but myself for weeks. I still didn't want to go shooting, but Des ran up and brought down his gun."

Mum said nothing, twisting her hands.

"We went out into the woods," he told her slowly, "and something happened . . . I remembered Jeanie and the old days . . . I got as much of a kick watching Des handle a gun as I used to get when I myself was out shooting . . . I can't tell you how I felt when he hit that bird. It just did something to me . . ."

Mum gazed up at the sky because she was afraid if she looked at him she would cry from happiness and relief.

Then he told her all about the chicken coop. He'd have stayed out there and helped Des finish it if it hadn't been for George Perry. He thought he'd better break that up right away.

SHE looked up at him in surprise and said, "You don't think there's anything between me and George Perry?"

"No—but there could have been," he added grimly. "If I'd kept on being moody and rotten to you. After a while you'd have wanted someone around who was normal."

She knew the moment had come—the moment for which she had been waiting—and she said to him quietly, "You've been taking life too hard, Tom. We both have. I was such a coward about what had happened that I couldn't tell Des."

Des' father murmured something, and she got up and knelt beside him on the grass. "Dearest," she exclaimed, "you've only lost an arm—so many worse things could have happened to you."

"I know," he said humbly. "I saw the other men. I know what can happen."

The sound of hammering rose in the air. This made him think of something else, and he added, "Funny that George waited until this morning to offer me that job. If he'd offered it to me yesterday I might have said yes."

"What are you going to do?" she asked timidly, because all the week he'd been telling her he'd have to give up architecture because he couldn't draw.

"I'm going to reopen my office—all the dope's there in my head, and somebody else can do the drawings."

"What made you decide that?" asked Mum when she could find her voice.

"The chicken coop," he said with a broken laugh.

She put her arms around him and held him silently, while at the edge of the lawn Jeanie put her muzzle between her paws and relaxed into sleep.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—July 29, 1946

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Film mothers do good job

By VIOLA MacDONALD

Charges are often made that movie star mothers are unable to give their children the companionship and guidance which non-professional mothers can provide.

Hollywood's most glamorous film star mothers, such as Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth, indignantly refute the accusations.

RITA said, "I think my baby, Rebecca, who is aged sixteen months, would approve of my continuing my career, as I have a strong suspicion that she will become an actress herself."

"Next year I will enrol her in my father's dancing school, for her first step on a career."

"Naturally, if she does not want to become an actress, I won't force her."

"But I plan to give her a good background, with swimming, riding, and dancing as social assets, whatever she decides."

Joan Bennett successfully mothers three growing daughters, despite her heavy film schedule.

Her eldest daughter is Diana, who is aged sixteen and is taller than Joan, then Melinda, who is twelve, and three-year-old Stephanie.

Joan told me: "It is true that when I am working I do not see much of my daughters, but when I am not working it is like a holiday, being together."

"We have so much to tell each other about our separate lives, bringing stimulating topics and con-

versation into our mutual lives."

Joan and her daughters often dress alike.

I saw them strolling in Beverly Hills Park, wearing identical white sweaters with pink appliqued question marks on their pockets.

Joan wore matching question-mark earrings, which was the only sophisticated feature to distinguish her from her daughters.

Barbara Stanwyck, trimly tailored, put down her movie script and surveyed me with her thoughtful, hazel eyes, saying, "I could be wrong, but my opinion is that children with mother who are actresses have a great advantage."

"Actresses live in a world of make-believe and children also live in a make-believe world."

"I am able to understand my son Dion's boyhood problems, his imagination, and his dreams because I can think the way he does."

"Dion is now fourteen and is a wonderful companion."

In former days stars thought motherhood detracted from their glamour.

In the 'twenties and 'thirties, flapper types were almost invariably



RITA HAYWORTH, Columbia's glamor star, whose daughter, Rebecca, is to be given every chance to become an actress or dancer in the future.

childless, but to-day the most glamorous sirens, Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Maria Montez, and Dorothy Lamour, are all mothers.

Betty Grable is more often photographed with her daughter than in the nightclubs.

To-day's youngest actresses, Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin, want large families, and Shirley Temple declares that she hopes to have three children.

Joan Crawford, with two adopted youngsters of her own and plans for more, showed the real heart of a mother when she took David Niven's two motherless baby boys into her arms and her home for an indefinite stay while David tries to adjust himself to life after the shock of losing his young English wife.

To-day's movie mothers combine a gruelling job before the cameras with exacting motherhood roles.

It is true that in most cases they have a servant and nurse to help them, but bringing understanding and patience to their children's problems, when they are beset with problems of their own, demands much character.



LANA TURNER, one of the most discussed actresses in Hollywood, insists that her two-year-old daughter, Cheryl Crane, is to be given the normal bringing up of any small girl.

Film Reviews

★★★ SPELLBOUND

THE teaming of lovely, gracious **Ingrid Bergman** with Gregory Peck in a psychological murder story is immensely satisfactory. RKO's producer **David Selznick** and ace thriller director **Alfred Hitchcock** combine splendidly for their share in one of the year's best and most unusual films. Acting, photography, and musical background are top grade, and the story is kept on a high level of suspense throughout.

Miss Bergman plays a woman psychiatrist who fights to clear the name of a man suffering from amnesia who believes he committed a murder. Because she loves him she persists in an attempt to prove through scientific means that he is innocent. As the amnesia victim, **Peck** gives his best screen performance to date. Their final scenes set on a ski run will hold audiences entranced, as the clue discovered by **Miss Bergman** from a dream sequence brings the solution.

Salvador Dali's design of the dream setting is an intriguing example of his surrealist art.

In addition to the beautiful performances by the stars, a long cast does well, especially **Leon Carroll** as a doctor who becomes a psychiatrist case himself.

"Spellbound" is rare entertainment in which science and romance have been skillfully blended.—Regent; showing.

★★★ THE GREEN YEARS

BEST performances in MGM's interesting adaptation of A. J. Cronin's novel of the same name come from the oldest and youngest members of the featured players in the long cast—**Charles Coburn** and **Dean Stockwell**.

The carefully groomed newcomer, **Beverly Tyler**, and the popular juvenile, **Tom Drake**, are not far behind in winning honors, and a fine job is done by **Hume Cronyn** in an unsympathetic role.

Story tells of the life of an orphan lad who is taken into a Scottish household and grows to college age. That hardy old veteran, **Charles Coburn**, as great-grandfather **Gow**, never misses a trick, and his scenes with young **Dean Stockwell**, who plays **Robert Shannon** as a boy, are superb. The youngster showed promise in an earlier film, and this time he proves to be easily the best child screen find for years.

Young love develops between an older **Robert** (played by **Tom Drake**) and **Allison Keith** (**Beverly Tyler**). **Miss Tyler** screens well and has a lovely singing voice.

Gladys Cooper, **Jessica Tandy**, and **Selena Royle** all present good character studies, and though the pace of the film is slow the understanding and excellent approach of every player make it a certain success.—Liberty; showing.

★★ TO-MORROW IS FOREVER

CLAUDETTE COLBERT returns to drama for RKO in a story which plays almost continuously in a minor key, but is strong in motif until the last few scenes. **Miss Colbert** has the assistance of that individual character, **Orson Welles**, who, with beard and limp, keeps well to the tragic theme which surrounds him.

Welles is the war-scarred victim of World War I who returns anonymously years later to find his wife happily re-married, but worried about their son, who wishes to enlist in World War II.

The emotional difficulties which arise when **Miss Colbert**, as **Elina**, has to decide on her future are excellently suggested by the star. Her second husband is well played by **George Brent**, and a capable young newcomer in **Richard Long** does a good job as her elder son.

Many sympathetic tears are bound to be shed by feminine audiences, especially during the first sequences, when drama plays on drama.—Century; showing.

★★ THE WELL-GROOMED BRIDE

THE froth and sparkle of Paramount's comedy starring **Olivia De Havilland**, **Ray Milland**, and **Sonny Tufts**, and featuring a magnum of champagne, becomes a little flat, as it has been made to last too long.

Miss De Havilland is the intended bride who owns the only French champagne in San Francisco.

Milland is the naval lieutenant who wants the champagne for the launching of a carrier, and **Sonny Tufts** is the bridegroom-to-be who loses his bride and champagne to the determined **Mr. Milland**.

Handling of the comedy by **Miss De Havilland** and **Milland** is expert, but **Sonny Tufts** is asked to be far too clumsy to be credible.

Ultimate result is never in doubt from the start, but there is enough amusement to make it worth-while.—Tatler; showing.

★★ DON'T FENCE ME IN

GRAND for the kids and bright enough for general entertainment, Republic's Western, starring **Roy Rogers**, **Dale Evans**, and "Gabby" **Hays**, deserves box-office success. The story doesn't matter much, though it deals with a feminine photographer (**Dale Evans**), who is sent out West to dig up facts about an old-time Western "baddie". Results are unexpected, but all three stars do splendidly.

It might be suggested that some time Republic could make Rogers a little more romantic in his love-making. He usually is more demonstrative to his famous horse, "Trigger," than to the lady of his film choice.—Lyric; showing.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—July 10, 1946

American star Hurd Hatfield arrives for British film

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

The latest arrival from Hollywood is charming **Hurd Hatfield**, star of "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

Hurd will make a film in Paris for the new British company, **Ortus Films**, called "The Torrents of Spring," opposite a French star not yet chosen.

ORTUS producer **John Suto**, whose greatest success will be presented shortly when "Men of Two Worlds" has its long-awaited premiere, plans this as the first of a series of films to be made with English and French versions.

He believes that an Anglo-French mixture of talent and experience is the recipe for films of the highest calibre.

JEANETTE MacDONALD wants to make a British film with her husband, **Gene Raymond**.

Though **Jeanette** turned down an MGM offer of twelve thousand sterling weekly and did concerts during the war instead, she will be returning to Hollywood shortly to make a film called "Reunion in Vienna."

In his own "Star School," which he had launched long before he became a chief Gainsborough pro-

ducer, **Sydney Box** cherished a young, curly-headed giant called **Maxwell Good**, instilling him into crowd parts for experience.

Max caused such a stir of fan interest that the news came recently that he has been cast to replace **Michael Redgrave** in the leading role opposite **Ann Todd**, in "The Brothers," while **Michael** stars in "Fame Is The Spur," from the best-seller by **Howard Spurling**.

THE fame of **James Mason's** flamboyant taste in ties has reached Canada, and a fan there sent him a hand-painted one which is now dazzling **Denham**.

From a distance it looks as though a large crimson cat is crawling up his neck.

It is rumored that the directors are afraid that **Jimmie** may wear it before the camera one day.

A LASTAIR FILM's name has been misspelled so often "Alstair" that he is beginning to have doubts about how to spell it himself.

It has confused publicity men and often appears wrongly in the newspapers, and the disease has even got as far as the credit titles of his films.

The other day he sat down on his collapsible chair between "takes" and then suddenly got up to peer anxiously at the canvas back.

The studio signwriter had got his name wrong, too.

A SKIT on famous film stars forms the hit scene in London's most popular revue, "Sweetest and Lowest," and includes a caricature of **Margaret Lockwood** by comedienne **Hermione Jingold** which critics labelled as too unkind.

But the other evening **Maggie** and mimic **Hermione** could be seen deep in friendly chat at **The Dorchester**.

The reason is that it was **Maggie** who helped **Hermione** to perfect the stage caricature of herself, and it amuses her greatly.

MARGARET LOCKWOOD's male counterpart in public popularity, **James Mason**, is also reformed in "Odd Man Out," in which he plays a political idealist.

On the other hand, **Trevor Howard** told me, "I don't want to be typed as 'a nice, quiet guy'."

"I would welcome acting a bit more roughly."



ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S gold watch gets admiring attention from **Margaret O'Brien** when the two stars take a spell from work outside a dressing-room at MGM.



• The Australian contingent passes under Admiralty Arch (Below). — Pictures taken specially for The Australian Women's Weekly.

Victory March, London

• The Royal Family at saluting base in the Mall (Above). Our cover-story shows the Australian color party which led the contingent.





For Enchantingly Smooth Hands

As soon as you've finished doing the dishes, the washing or any other job that's hard on hands, quickly sprinkle on a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion and massage into your hands.

Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener which helps to keep busy hands enchantingly soft and smooth. Lovely to use, too... it's so fragrant, so silky-soft on your skin. So buy Pond's Hand Lotion to-day—at all chemists and stores.

POND'S HAND LOTION

P.S.—Keep those elbows soft and smooth by massaging night and morning with a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion.

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 - ④—BRING IMMEDIATE RELIEF FOR THE COMPLAINTS LISTED BELOW



ZANS' compressed powders break up in the twinkling of an eye, as soon as they touch the tongue or, placed in water, disintegrate in a few seconds into a milky fluid.

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—OR—

MONEY BACK

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CONVULSIONS
COLDS FLU
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The demand of the world has been for a medicine that stops pain and headaches, takes away a depressed feeling and ACTS AT ONCE. ZANS' APC tablets are the answer. The reason why ZANS' APC tablets do these things and act with such effectiveness against so many other complaints is because they contain three world-proved and clinically tested medicines in their formula—*a.c.*, acetylsal, phenacetin and caffeine in their purest forms. This is the reason too why ZANS' is so amazingly quick in action. Headaches and nerve pains go in a few minutes. Feverish complaints such as colds and flu are quickly dispelled too. That depressed feeling vanishes and in its place comes a sense of well-being and confidence. You can prove these claims to be true without risk for we give an unconditional written guarantee to give you satisfaction or refund your money in full. Could anything be fairer? ZANS' APC tablets represent three medicines in one! A world's need supplied.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER



1 DURING her weekly shopping expedition, Laura Jessop (Celia Johnson) gets a clinder in her eye at Milford Railway Junction, when she goes to refreshment-room for cup of tea. She gets sympathy from station employees.

2 FIRST-AID is given to Laura by Doctor Alec Harvey (Trevor Howard), another visitor to Junction.



3 CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE soon develops into more frequent meetings. Though Laura is married with two children, she and Alec fall in love almost against their will.



4 WORRIED about their future, as Alec also is married, decide to run away, and meet at flat of Stephen, a friend of Alec's. Stephen's arrival results in Laura going home.

Film Adapted From Noel Coward Play

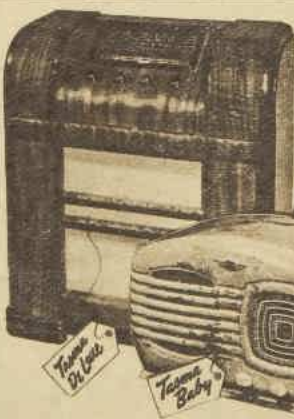
SAID by English critics to be the best film produced by Noel Coward, "Brief Encounter" is an adaptation of one of the series "To-night at 8.30." Unanimous praise has been given to Trevor Howard and Celia Johnson for their star performances in the story, which develops as the result of a chance meeting on a railway station. Fox will release the film in Australia. Others in the cast are Joyce Carey, Cyril Raymond, Evelyn Gregg, and Stanley Holloway. Film work is comparatively new to Trevor Howard, who has had extensive stage experience. Celia Johnson also graduated from the stage and played in Noel Coward's pictures, "In Which We Serve" and "This Happy Breed."



5 ULTIMATE decision to part sees them at Junction, where garrulous friend ruins final meeting before Alec goes away to job in Africa.



6 BACK in her own home, Laura settles down again with her quietly understanding husband Fred (Cyril Raymond), who still loves her.



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POST WAR
MODELS
are
NOW
AVAILABLE

Stocks of neither the Tasma "Baby" nor the "De Luxe" Console are ample yet, but we suggest you ask your nearest Tasma retailer for a demonstration just as soon as he can arrange it.

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MOTHER CRAFT

A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

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For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

SUITS ... to see you into spring

• Seven-eighths-length spring coat (right) in yellow woollen has fullness above the waist easing the deep armhole yoke bodice. Worn over a black skirt, it has a wide black suede belt with a large yellow leather buckle.

• From America comes this suit (left) with a square yoke to give a broad shoulder-line. It is made of soft pastel blue gabardine, and the only fastening is a self-tie belt.



• Jacket with cape-like yoke, fitted nipped-in waist, and the tiniest pep-lum goes with skirt that has a welled rib round the hips in keeping with the welled detail of the jacket. It's made in brown-beige fine woollen and the blouse is of dotted white.

• Soft green woollen makes a suit featuring generous back fullness belted into a neat waistline to give a pep-lum effect. The front, simply tailored, shows a frothy frill of white blouse at the neckline.

RMR

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SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium — the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter.



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WONDERFUL NEWS FOR THOSE WORRIED ABOUT THEIR HAIR IN THIS FREE BOOK

Here's a message of glowing hope for those despairing of reliving their hair worries, to those whose thinning, balding hair growth is making them old before their time. Send to-day for my amazing free book, "Time You Looked After Your Hair."



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Yes! So confident am I of my ability to help you that if after reading my free book you decide to try the course, I offer it on a 30-DAY TRIAL BASIS with money back guarantee — surely nothing could be fairer! Send for FREE book.



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HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

TICKLING COUGH?

Tackle the tickle
with a trickle
of HEARNE'S



CHARM OF SIMPLICITY is shown in this room, with its cream walls and ceiling, mushroom-colored carpet, floral curtains and couch in yellows, blues, and a deeper mushroom, and two blue chairs. Bowls of yellow flowers give the necessary accent of color and add a touch of gaiety to the room.

Plan color schemes to suit the aspect

• Color can make our rooms live. Not enough causes drabness, too much results in restlessness; but the right amount makes a room harmonious, interesting and livable.

By NORA S. McDOUGALL

AS a great many readers have asked me for color schemes, I have worked out a series of four—one to suit each aspect, north, south, east, and west.

This week's scheme is for a bedroom with an easterly aspect. Its aspect is the first thing to know before selecting the scheme, as it gives the key to the most suitable color, irrespective of fashion, or even personal taste.

Combat heat on the north side by using cool greens, blues, violets. For the cold side, choose warm yellows, reds, purples, and for the east and west use a combination of cool and warm colors.

The following color scheme for an easterly bedroom in a hot climate illustrates this plan.

The large casement windows are draped with printed cotton curtains to the floor, the rods hidden by a small box cornice. The color scheme has been taken from their design, a rich cream ground with a flower pattern in mauves and blues, and green leaves in several tones. The wall color is cream, the background of the material, in a flat water paint, and built-in cupboards are painted to match.

The floor-covering is a large, plain carpet square of soft green, on a polished, natural wood floor, giving a restful coolness to the room. The bed-cover is of the curtain material, and the quilt is the color of the carpet.

To emphasise the mauve in the curtains the dressing-table flounce and stool are made of deep, plain mauve material.

Three small flower pictures above the bed give contrast to this color by being in deep, soft yellows, rose, and green. On the dressing-table a vase of flowers of the same shades reflect their beauty in the mirror. The whole effect of this room is restfulness and simplicity in both color and material.

The scheme has been thoroughly worked out with due regard to climate and aspect.

There are many ways to begin a color scheme.

One of the best is to choose curtain material first, particularly if patterned in colors. Predominating color should be that required by the aspect.

Take the background color of the material for the wall color (when a pale tint); have the floor-covering a deeper shade of the wall color, a

soft contrast to the principal color, or a blending of all the colors in the curtain material. Upholstered pieces may be covered in the curtain material, or may be neutral to tone with walls or carpet.

For accent pottery, cushions, pipings, and flowers should be picked out in the main colors. As these articles are small, the color must be intense to give the room character and charm.

The walls are the background. They are the largest area of color, and to give the room a feeling of space they should be in the palest tints as a foil for the brighter curtains, carpets, and furniture.

Once the key color has been decided, the best color scheme will be found to grow naturally from the requirements of the room rather than conforming too strictly to a set plan. Many ideas come from the most unexpected places: from flowers, pictures, porcelain or material, sunsets or sunrises.

But the most successful room will be found to possess no more than three colors.

One more thing to watch when planning a color scheme is the room into which the planned room will open.

Too great a contrast of color schemes in adjoining rooms will cause a jarring note in the harmony when doors are opened; therefore, the color of each room should be kept in mind.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

IF you want to make a floral decoration of flowers that close at night, or if you would like to wear some in your hair, drop a little melted paraffin in the heart of each flower. This will keep the flowers open for your parties.

RID your cups of tea stains by rubbing salt over the stains.

WHEN press-studs are removed from clothing they should be fastened together on a piece of brown paper. In this way you will have both sides when you need them.

SCORCHED linen can be treated

in the following manner: Cut a raw onion in halves and rub the flat side on to the spot. After doing this, soak the material in cold water for several hours.



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TANGEE

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CALL IT 'MIRACLE'"



Mensyl gives greatest Relief to Women who suffer most each month!

• Specially prepared for the relief of those who suffer from the most distressing pain that nothing seems to help—MENSYL gives relief, more lasting relief to those who need it most!

Don't count the days with dread any longer—swallow one tablet (dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water) each day for two or three days before your next period pains are due. If you are suffering now, two tablets, taken as directed, should bring relief. MENSYL contains NO injurious drugs, and is perfectly safe and harmless.

MENSYL is so NEW that your Chemist may not have it yet. Ask him to get it for you—or send P.N. for 3/6 to Messrs. Laboratoires, 28 Macquarie St., Sydney.



Kidneys Must Remove Excess Acids

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Eliminate

Poisonous Waste.
If you have an excess of acids in your blood your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be overworked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.



AUSTRALIAN ANN RICHARDS, Hollywood-groomed film star, talks informally to Carolyn Earle about her ideas on beauty and glamor. Ann's flying visit after five years' absence renewed home ties.

ANN RICHARDS TALKS ABOUT HER ROUTINE FOR BEAUTY...

HERE is nothing women dote on more than a big piece of news on how to look glamorous. I've just talked to Ann Richards, Australian film star, about the whole thing, and she says that in her reckoning glamor is not something acquired from the use of an expensive collection of cosmetics—rather does she value serenity and vitality as the sine qua non of beauty—plus unremitting use of soap and water.

From which you will gather that Ann is not in any way the conventional glamor girl—nor does she aspire to be.

She is natural and charming in appearance and personality, intensely interested in her acting career, and can obviously look, listen, and think for herself.

Ann is a shield-and-spear carrier for real skin cleanliness as the true basis of the clear and glowing complexion, for eight straight sleeping hours each night—a personal "must" when she is working—and for the sensible balanced diet with lashings of fruit, vegetables, and salads.

For ordinary occasions—I think I might say most occasions—Ann wears astonishingly little make-up. Just a whisper of powder, through which her own color beats faintly, and lipstick in one of the clear bright pinks. Minus make-up base, minus mascara, and minus eyeshadow.

PROBLEM FOR MOTHERS

By SISTER MARY JACOB

ENURESIS (or bed-wetting) is one of the functional disturbances of early childhood which frequently create a very difficult problem for parents.

The habit may be due to a variety of causes—to neglect of toilet-training from the earliest days of life (or to over-emphasis on such training), to some physical cause such as bad adenoids or tonsils, or to constipation or "worms," or to a wrong diet, such as an excess of sugar causing a very acid urine.

Wrong tactics in trying to break the child of this habit may in the case of a hypersensitive, nervous type of child only aggravate the trouble.

A leaflet dealing more fully with the causes and cure of this very distressing habit can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 20, 1946

On the set she mostly does her own make-up, except for character parts, and of course whether it is a pancake or greasepaint type depends upon requirements.

I was fascinated by Ann's eyebrows—not that they are remarkable, as eyebrows go—a natural, curved sweep above her blue-green eyes; but the fact that for five years they've escaped the clutches of movie make-up moguls and remain just as nature—and Ann—intended them to be is amazing.

From general remarks I gathered that some pretty determined efforts have been made at various times to change the shape and contour, with no success at all.

For recreation in Hollywood, Ann does lots of swimming during the glorious Californian summer, although she confessed her fine, fair skin burns easily in the noonday sun, so it's with a calculating eye on fire power and exposure time.

Then there are masses of tennis enthusiasts in the movie colony, so there is always plenty of tennis going; otherwise there are endless lovely walks which are her great joy, and no doubt help to keep the balance of weight just what it should be.

It seems that there is an unwritten law round the film studios on the delicate question of avoidupois; no actual check on weight is made directly by the studio—that's left to the individual—but someone invariably lets it be known, in a gentle way, if curves become a bit too obvious.

Asked for her impressions Ann said: "The girls here have such lovely skins—I've noticed that particularly. Strangely, though—perhaps because when I left California it was the middle of summer and everyone looked very tan, with only a vivid lipstick for color—it does seem to me that more cosmetics are used by our girls than I'd remembered.

"I always think it's a pity to cover a lovely skin with cosmetics, don't you?"

"Oh, and the hair styles have changed, too—they seem to be much longer, right down on to the shoulders."

In fashion and, indirectly, health circles, heels seem to be making the headlines—low heels, the right down-to-the-ground sort.

They are practically universal, and are worn at all times of the day and night for all sorts of occasions—from toeless, backless, earth-gripping walking shoes, to the flat suede afternoon variety, right through the evening with satin and sequin-embroidered ballet slippers.

Ann says that Ingrid Bergman wears nothing else but—and she slides into her own every opportunity. Assuming that proper body alignment and the smooth, unfurrowed brow are important subsidiaries of happy feet, perhaps we should all get down to earth right away.



'DAMP-SET' Your hair with Velmol

HOLLYWOOD and the movies were quick to use this "damp-set" idea. Now Velmol makes it so easy—so simple—that you can "damp-set" your own hair at home... yourself!

A "damp-set" with Velmol works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just four minutes—with a few drops of Velmol—you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls—just as you like them best.

First: Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. Next: Moisten brush with Velmol and brush through hair. Now: Arrange hair with fingers and comb—you'll be delighted with your deep, firm, thrilling waves and curls that last for days—yet never "stiff" or "greasy."

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The green lotion in the round bottle with the orange label is the original Olive Oil Lotion

TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

Accent on Freedom!

Meds have been accepted by women the world over as an internal sanitary protection—offering complete safety with economy

Meds
THE MODESS TAMPON

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON
World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Dressings



Scones for Tea

A HOT oven, a soft dough, lightly handled and quickly baked, are the blueprint for good scones.

Beware of two things: too wet a dough, causing spreading and surface hardening; too dry a dough, causing roughness and dryness.

A good scone has a soft, fine texture; smooth top, lightly browned; soft sides.

Pack closely together on the baking tray so that they come from tray in one sheet when cooked. This avoids dry, crusty sides.

Oven must be hot—450deg. gas, 500deg. electric. If your stove has no thermostat or thermometer, pre-heat for 15 minutes; place 1 teaspoon flour on flat tin, leave 5 minutes on shelf to be used for baking. Oven is ready for scones if the flour has turned a dark chocolate-brown. Reduce gas flame to half when placing scones in oven. Electric oven, turn top element off, bottom element on medium.

The scones pictured above were made from the recipes given here.

BASIC RECIPE FOR PLAIN SCONES

(Good hot or cold—with honey, syrup, cheese, or jam.)
Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, 1 cup milk (or sift 1 tablespoon powdered milk with flour and use 1 cup water).

Sift flour, salt, and (if used) powdered milk. Rub in margarine or butter, add sugar. Mix to a soft dough with milk or water. Turn on to a floured board, knead slightly to smooth the surface. Roll or press lightly to 1in. thickness. Cut with a floured knife or

● Scones, featherlight and fresh from the oven, plain or wholemeal, sweet or savory, with or without egg, make good wholesome fare for any meal.

*By the Food and Cookery Experts to
The Australian Women's Weekly.*

cutter, brush with milk. Place close together on flat tray, lightly floured or greased. Bake 10 to 15 minutes, according to size, in a hot oven. Turn on to cake cooler, cover with clean tea-towel. If not being used immediately allow to become quite cold before storing in an airtight tin. Makes 2 dozen medium-sized scones.

HONEY PUMPKIN SCONES

(A delicious cake-scone . . . fine with jam, honey, or syrup.)

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 cup cooked mashed pumpkin, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt. Beat shortening to a cream with honey and orange rind. Stir in pumpkin, then beaten egg and milk. Fold in sifted flour and salt.

Knead lightly on a floured board, roll to 1in. thickness. Cut with floured knife or cutter, brush with milk. Place on greased tray, bake 12 to 15 minutes in hot oven (425deg. F.).

APPLE SANDWICH SCONES

(To top off a simple busy day dinner—serve alone or with custard sauce.)

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1oz. margarine or butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 apple, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, little extra sugar.

Sift flour and salt, rub in margarine or butter, add sugar. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly, roll to an oblong 1in. thick. Grate peeled apple on one half, sprinkle with cinnamon, grated lemon rind, and sugar. Moisten edges, fold over, pressing down lightly all over. Cut with floured knife or cutter. Pack on a greased tray, brush with milk. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven (450deg. F.). Serve hot without butter.

WHOLEMEAL HONEY SCONES

(Split and spread with cream cheese.)

One cup self-raising flour, 11 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup wholemeal flour, 1oz. margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 cup milk.

Sift self-raising flour, baking powder, and salt. Add wholemeal, mixing well. Rub in margarine or butter. Mix to a soft dough with honey dissolved in milk. Knead lightly, cut into rounds with floured cutter. Brush with milk, pack on floured or greased tray. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in hot oven (425deg. F.).

Continued on page 35

COLOSEPTIC

REMOVES MAIN CAUSE
OF SELF-POISONING



* By inducing Better Internal Cleanliness, Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autoxina (self-poisoning) which is the cause of many ailments.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC
(AUSTRALIA) LTD.
18 O'CONNELL ST., NEWTOWN, N.S.W.

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

More men & women
use Arrid than any
other deodorant

At all
chemists and soap
selling stores.
Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney
2/- a jar
Also in 9/4 jars **ARRID**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Remove unsightly facial hairs with the aid of "Vanix". Finally obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissue. Finally the devastating "force" of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (freight 6/4), from Hollans Pty. Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Meyer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 376 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 230 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 59 Rundle St., Adelaide.

**ENSIGN
TIES**

THE BEST



IDEAL sweet to top off a winter night dinner is this week's first prize - winning recipe - banana and apple tart - with crisp, wholemeal pastry base.

KIDNEY and cheese combine into a satisfying savory dish. Veal or ox kidney may take the place of the sheep's kidney. See recipe on this page.

SIMPLE but TASTY

• Simple but extremely tasty recipes from readers win the prizes in this week's best recipe competition and are recommended.

IN the first prize-winner, banana and apple tart, the base is crisp, wholemeal pastry. When plums are in season use instead of apples.

BANANA AND APPLE TART

Four ounces cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. wholemeal flour, 4oz. fat or margarine, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 2 apples, 2 bananas, extra brown sugar, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind.

Sift cornflour, baking powder, and salt, add wholemeal flour. Rub in fat or margarine, add sugar. Mix to a firm, dry dough with beaten egg. Turn on to floured board, roll out, and line tart plate or flan tin. Spread with sliced bananas, top with chopped apple. Sprinkle with grated cheese, lemon rind, extra brown sugar. Bake 35 to 40 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 deg. F.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Uren, Clarence Gardens, S.A.

SAVORY KIDNEYS AND CHEESE

Four sheep's kidneys, 2oz. grated cheese, 3oz. chopped ham or bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt

and pepper to taste, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 slices buttered bread.

Soak washed kidneys 15 minutes in warm, salted water. Remove skin and core; chop. Line greased ovenware dish with fingers of buttered bread. Cover with chopped kidneys, ham, salt, pepper, parsley, grated cheese. Beat eggs, add milk; pour into dish. Top with squares of buttered bread, dipped in milk. Bake in moderate oven, 375 deg. F., 40 to 45 minutes. Serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. Fitzpatrick, Randwick, N.S.W.

TOMATO AND ONION CREAM SOUP

Four onions, 3 potatoes, 1½ cups tomato puree, 2 cups water, 2 cups milk, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon butter.

Peel potatoes and onions, cut into pieces. Cover with the water, add salt, pepper. Cook until soft, rub through a coarse strainer. Add tomato puree. Blend flour with a little of the milk, add balance of milk and butter. Stir until boiling, simmer a few minutes. Combine with tomato mixture and reheat without boiling.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Richards, St. Kilda, Vic.

Scones for Tea Continued from page 34

WHOLEMEAL CHEESE AND CELERY SCONES

(Serve piping hot with a dish of creamed rabbit.)

One cup self-raising flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 4oz. wholemeal flour, 1½oz. margarine or butter, 1 cup cooked, diced celery, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup milk.

Sift self-raising flour, baking powder, salt, cayenne pepper, and mustard. Add wholemeal, mixing well. Rub in margarine or butter, add celery and cheese. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead lightly, cut into squares or finger lengths. Brush with milk, place on floured scone-tray. Bake 10 to 15 minutes in hot oven (450deg. F.).

ANCHOVY PINWHEEL SCONES

(Go well with creamed fish or vegetables, or are fine eaten alone as an after-dinner savory.)

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1½oz. margarine or butter, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon anchovy paste (or any

smooth, savory spread), 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

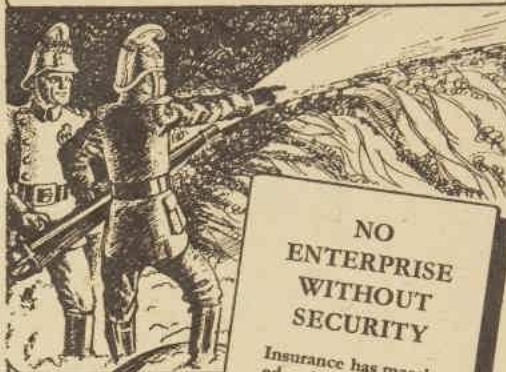
Sift flour, pepper, and salt; rub in shortening. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead lightly and roll to a long, narrow strip ¼ in. thick. Soften anchovy paste with lemon juice, spread over scone dough. Shape into a long, thin roll, starting to roll from the long side. Cut sharply into ¼ in. slices. Place on greased tray, bake 8 to 10 minutes in hot oven (450deg. F.).

GEM SCONES

(An old favorite worth reviving—gem tarts are on the market again.) One and a half cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, good pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in butter, add sugar and lemon rind. Stir in beaten egg-yolk and milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Drop spoonfuls in hot, greased gem tins, hot enough to sizzle when greasing. Bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450deg. F.). May be glazed with sugar syrup while hot.

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Every Month.

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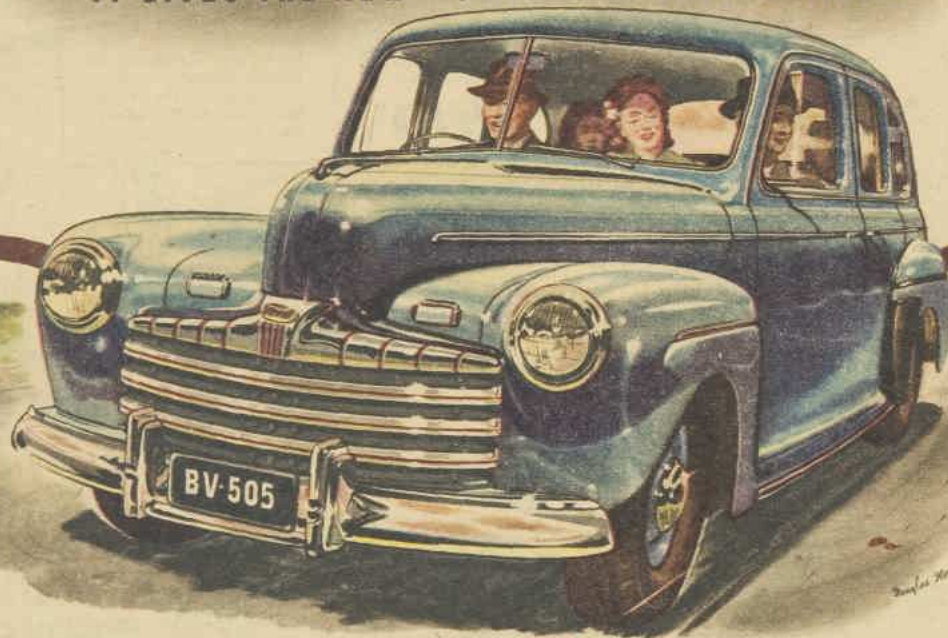
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Never have you experienced such restful comfort or such smoothness as you will enjoy in the new velvet-smooth ride—the outcome of technical advancements in springing, stabilising and shock absorbing in a car which is longer and lower to the ground. Inside . . . outside . . . all the way through . . . this new Ford is brilliantly advanced in style and engineering. We invite you to get really acquainted with the Ford in your future. See your Ford dealer today.



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